

Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

VOLUME 5



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the vampire slayer™
O M N I B U S





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VOLUME 5

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Based on the television series created by Joss Whedon.

These stories take place during Buffy the Vampire Slayer Season Four.



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BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER™ OMNIBUS VOLUME FIVE

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Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Haunted #1–4, originally published December 2001 through March 2002;

Buffy the Vampire Slayer: "Take Back the Night," originally published in *Dark Horse Presents Annual* 2000, June 2000;

Buffy the Vampire Slayer: "Killing Time," originally published in *Dark Horse Presents* 150, January 2000;

Buffy the Vampire Slayer #21–28, originally published May through December 2000; and

Buffy the Vampire Slayer: Oz #1–3, originally published July through September 2001,

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INTRODUCTION

One of the things I was most often accused of overlooking, in editing the old run of *Buffy* comics, was what a great character Faith was. She had very little presence in the comics, a fact that fans complained about constantly. Frankly, I agree with them.

The reason she was left out was precisely the reason why she was such a great character on the show. With the old comic we were always trying to keep up with television continuity. We had to portray the characters in a generalized way—how does Xander act this season of the show? What's his general m.o.? When Willow hooked up with Tara, I asked Joss if it was going to stick, and when he told me yes, I had Tara brought into the cast of the comic—by the time she appeared in an issue, she'd been on the show nearly a year. As I may have mentioned, it takes a lot longer to make a comic than a TV show—we didn't want to write a script about a character that would be out of date by the time the comic was published.

No one changed more quickly, in more different directions, than Faith. It's one of the reasons she was so fun to watch, and the reason we couldn't do much with her in the monthly comic. We couldn't trust her to act the same way for more than a couple months. In a show where all the characters grew and evolved, Faith made them all look like they were standing still.

After writing a couple of short stories, Jane Espenson asked about doing something substantial. Jane chose a character she'd loved writing—the Mayor, the Big Bad from her first season with the show. I shared with her a trick the *Buffy* comics writers and I had figured out—Joss always left the summers between television seasons a mystery, leaving room for us to decide what happened. So Jane, who teamed with artist Cliff Richards, was able to deal with the aftermath of “Graduation Day.” With the Mayor, we got our first Faith comics story.

In late 1999, Cliff teamed with Doug Petrie for the short story “Killing Time,” and a few months later he joined Tom Fassbender and Jim Pascoe for their first *Buffy* story, which sets up the longer story “Out of the Woodwork,” to be featured in *Omnibus* Volume 6.

Buffy novelist Christopher Golden teamed with Cliff for *The Blood of Carthage*. They were joined by Chynna Clugston, whose manga-influenced style suited the flashbacks to pre-Season One Willow and Xander. Paul Lee and Brian Horton provided flashbacks focused on Spike and Drusilla. I used Paul and Brian on this section because I didn't know if they'd be right for *Buffy* and her inner circle—ironically, they went on to become two of the best artists at capturing the likenesses of the cast.

Immediately after *Blood of Carthage*, Cliff teamed with Chris Boal, a writer whom Joss introduced me to. Cliff's final story in this volume was the first issue of the monthly series written by Fassbender and Pascoe, whose work will come to dominate the next two volumes in the *Omnibus* series.

The only story in this volume not drawn by Cliff sees Golden again focusing on a supporting character. *Buffy* fans love Oz; his departure from the show, and the unlikelihood of his return, made a comics series almost a necessity. Oz's werewolf appearance needed an overhaul, though, so I called in one of my favorite artists from the world of horror comics. John Totleben provided covers in which he designed and defined the supernatural characters in the series, including the werewolf. He wasn't interested in drawing actor likenesses, so Seth Green did not appear on any of the art covers for the miniseries.

But I was always more interested in the monsters anyway.

Scott Allie

HAUNTED. 7

Title page—CLIFF RICHARDS, JULIO
FERREIRA & JEREMY COX

Script—JANE ESPENSON
Pencils—CLIFF RICHARDS
Inks—JULIO FERREIRA
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Additional Pencils Assist—HERB APON
Inks—CRAIG YEUNG
Colors—HALO
Colors Assist—PERCY MELBYE
Additional Colors Assist—HELEN BACH
Letters—VICKIE WILLIAMS



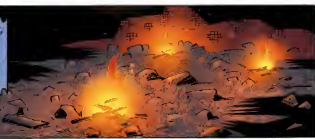




Campfires. Gotta love 'em! Gosh, don't they bring back all kinds of good memories?



Away from home for the first time. Maybe you're wearing a little uniform--Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts or. Lord love 'em, the Campfire Girls...



And there you are, under the stars, gathered 'round that ol' campfire. Your eyes wide and glowing...



Maybe someone starts telling ghost stories...

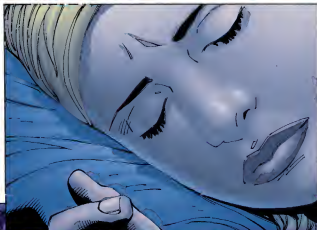
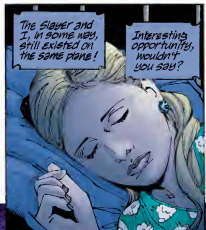
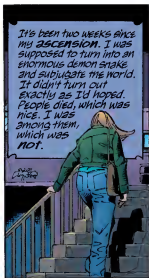


In fact, I think I'll tell one myself. Not traditionally the job of a mayor, but then I was never a traditional mayor.

Only it's not
a storm!
It's really
happening.

And I'm
the ghost.







WHAT'S THE
MATTER, B? YOU
LOOK A LITTLE LOST.
NOT EXPECTING
A FELLOW SLAYER,
I GUESS.

AND I
GOTTA TELL
YOU, THE
SHEEP? NOT
THE OUT-
FIT I'D'VE
PICKED.



YOU CAN'T
HURT ME
HERE.



THAT
RIGHT?
LET'S FIND
OUT.



IT
MISSED.



THIS
WON'T.



SKILLCH

THEY ALL
LEAVE YOU. THAT'S
YOUR THEME SONG,
ISN'T IT? SING
ALONG IF YOU
WANT.

ANGEL LEFT
YOU. EVEN YOUR
FATHER LEFT. BUT
THE **MAYOR**
BECAME MY
FATHER. AND
HE **WON'T**
LEAVE ME.

GOSH,
B. I WOULDN'T
DO THAT IF I
WERE YOU.



**SCRAW
SCRAW**



**SCRAW
SCRAW**

WHAT'S
THAT
SOUND?

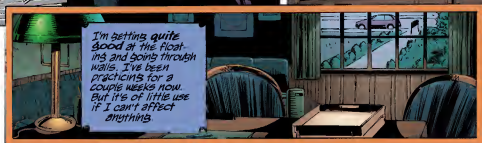




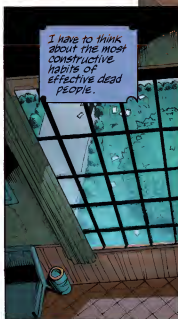
There I am.
Drop-dead
gorgeous



This is hard work,
being dead. Tons
of new rules to
learn. Can't touch
anything, can't
move anything.



I'm getting quite
good at the float-
ing and going through
walls. I've been
practicing for a
couple weeks now.
But it's of little use
if I can't affect
anything.



I have to think
about the most
constructive
habits of
effective dead
people.



Say, I
have
an idea.

If a body is dead, *any* body, a ghost can possess it, make it move, bend it to his will. At least, that's always been my understanding.

Oh, God. It's...*fitthy*... clearly crawling with disease. I don't think I can...

The day wears on. It takes me hours to suppress my revulsion...

But I do.

SCRAW

It feels dirty, horrible. But I have a body again. I also have places to go, things to see, lives to touch...

First stop, there's a certain young lady I need to see.

Fascinating,
the things
you see from
up here.

Soldiers on campus.
That's unexpected. If I
were still Mayor, I might
care. But I guess death
really does put things
in perspective.



OKAY?
OF COURSE
I'M GOING TO BE
OKAY! IT'S HOLLY-
WOOD!

ARE YOU
GOING TO BE
ON COMMERCIALS?
BECAUSE I WANT TO
KNOW WHY MY BIG
MAC NEVER
LOOKS LIKE THE
PICTURES.

PLEASE.
I'M GOING TO BE
IN FEATURE FILMS.
IF I WANTED TO SELL
BURGERS I COULD'VE
STAYED HERE WITH
YOU TWO.

I HOPE
THIS DRIVER
KNOWS
THE BEST
HOTELS...

SCRAW
SCRAW



Faith. Sweet girl. If she had died I would possess her body, use it as the perfect instrument to kill the Slasher. But she lives, and I'm so glad of that.

I'm still here, Sweetheart. And I'll do what I can. You sleep. I'll set our revenge.

No, that's all right. I don't mind. You'd do the same for me.

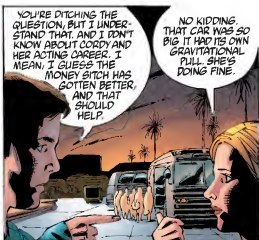
I'm going now. But I'll never leave you.

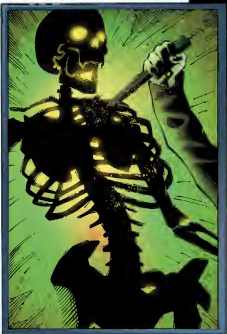


HOW ARE YOU DOING? WITH THE ANGEL OF IT?

FINE.









BUFFY?

WHERE
ARE YOU?



WE HEARD
YOU SHOUT!

WHAT
HAPPENED?

I... I DON'T
KNOW.



IT WAS
JUST A VAMPIRE.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE
YELLED. I NEVER
DO THAT.



I'M SURE YOU'RE
STILL A BIT
UNSETTLED FROM
RECENT EVENTS. I
KNOW I AM. IT WILL
TAKE A LONG TIME
FOR THAT TO HEAL.
THE SNAKE, THE
SCHOOL...

THAT AND
OTHER STUFF.
I'M SURE IT'S
TERRIBLE.



YEAH, BUT... I DON'T
THINK THAT'S WHAT'S
BUGGING ME,
EXACTLY. SEE, I
HAD THIS DREAM.
AND I'M AFRAID
IT MEANS A BAD
THING IS
COMING.

WHAT
KIND OF A BAD
THING?



Would you like to hear a joke? Here it is. I just flew in from the flaming remains of the high school and boy are my arms tired.



The broken wings of my borrowed body aches. I'm surprised to find that I feel the pain. I won't be able to fly again. I need to get out of this body...



And into something new.



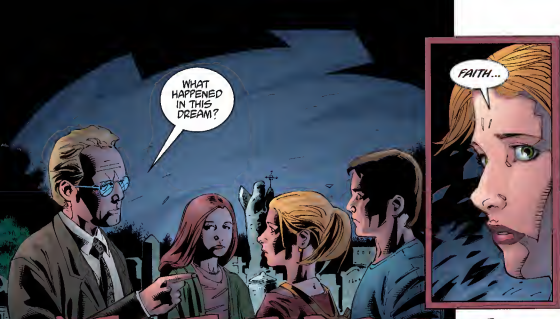
My revulsion is leaving me. All I can think about is my goal. My revenge.



I need a new body. Nothing fancy, just good basic transportation.



A body that can take me to the slayer.



"SHE KILLED ME,
STABBED ME. SAID
SOME NASTY
THINGS, TOO."

WAS IT...
YOU KNOW, A
PROPHECY
DREAM?

I DON'T KNOW.
IT LEFT ME,
YOU KNOW
...KINDA
SHAKEN,
NOT
STIRRED.

IT COULD
BE ANYTHING...

IT COULD SIMPLY BE
THE MIND WORKING
THROUGH STRESS, OR
PERHAPS A PROPHECY, OR
EVEN AN ATTACK. SOME-
THING WEAKENING THE
SLAYER THROUGH
HER DREAMS.

AN ATTACK?
I DON'T NEED
ENEMIES WORK-
ING FROM THE
INSIDE. I HAVE
ENOUGH ON THE
OUTSIDE.

Well. Enough
looooooosing.
It's time to
get my new
keister moving.

EMERGENCY

HOSPITAL

YOU REALLY
DON'T HAVE TO WALK
WITH ME, WILL. YOU
COULD TAKE OFF WITH
THE OTHERS.

THAT'S
OKAY. I
LIKE IT.

HEY
WILLOW,
YOU'LL NEVER
BELIEVE THIS.
XANDER TOLD ME
HE THOUGHT
YOU WANTED ME
TO START
DATING
AGAIN! CAN
YOU BELIEVE
THAT?

PFF!
HAH! THAT
XANDER!

GOOD, BECAUSE
IT'S THE WORST
IDEA IN THE
HISTORY OF
WORST.

YEAH.

WILLOW!
BUFFY!
WAIT UP!

HOGAN?
HOGAN
MARTIN?
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

DID I GET
THE NIGHT WRONG?
WILLOW?

WILLOW?

OKAY, ALLOW ME JUST
TO SAY-- "er, um, er, I THINK
I HEAR MY MOTHER
CALLING."

DON'T BLAME
WILLOW. I
PRACTICALLY
BEGGED HER
TO GET THIS
UP. I HAD TO
TALK TO
YOU.

OH, THIS IS
JUST WORKING
OUT SO...
NEAT.





THE THINGS I SAW, AT GRADUATION. IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THIS GREAT TIME. BUT...PEOPLE DIED. BUFFY, PEOPLE DIED!

OH, HOGAN...



IT'S HAUNTING ME. I CAN'T SLEEP, I KEEP SEEING IT AND HEARING IT. AND YOU WERE SO STRONG. I DON'T KNOW HOW... HOW DO YOU DO IT?

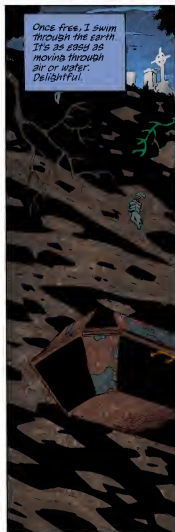


IT WAS HORRIBLE, YOU SHOULD BE AFFECTED BY IT. I GUESS...I GUESS, WE'RE ALL HAUNTED BY DIFFERENT THINGS. BELIEVE ME, I AM. YOU JUST...YOU JUST ...GO ON.



It's tempting to attack right now. She is SO close. But this body doesn't have the strength to survive an encounter with her. Gosh, I guess you could say I need an up-grade.





Once free, I swim
through the earth.
It's as easy as
moving through
air or water.
Delightful.



I look
around...



...do some window
shopping...



...until I find
something
just right.



No revulsion now.
I feel only eagerness
and anticipation. This
is fun!

GRRRGHHH

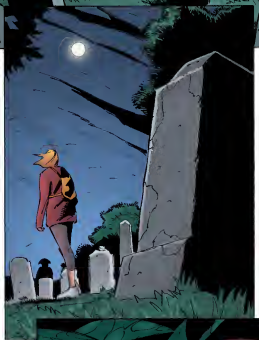


GRRRRRK?

Both the dead bodies
I had occupied up to
this point had been
empty. This one is
not. But dead is
dead. I move in.



There is a mind in
here, but there is
no soul. It's easy
to kick it out. I am
a ghost with a
purpose, and that
gives me strength.





CAT. NOT EVEN A ZOMBIE-CAT. C'MON. GIVE ME SOMETHING I CAN SINK MY STAKE INTO.



Really, I can't tell you how pleased I am with how well this is working out.



I have a strong new body, I'm above ground again, and I have a slaver under my nose.



I can't wait to see what I come up with next.



GILES,
WHAT DID
YOU MEAN
ABOUT--

SHUSH.



THE EARTH
IN THIS GRAVE,
I THINK IT'S
MOVING. I
SUSPECT
SOMETHING
IS ABOUT
TO RISE.



WHAT WAS
YOUR QUESTION,
XANDER?



YOU SAID BUFFY'S
DREAM COULD BE
AN ATTACK ON HER.
LIKE, IT COULD
HURT HER.



IT'S POSSIBLE.
IT COULD LEAVE
HER WEAK,
UNPREPARED.



*The neat part of this?
Buffy Summers has
no idea she's dealing
with me, the Mayor of
Sunnydale. Personally,
I find it all very
amusing, really. I do.*





This is for you, Faith.



HEY!



People who interrupt are ill-mannered. It pun ticks me off.







HE DIDN'T WAKE UP THE WHOLE WAY OVER HERE, HE DIDN'T WAKE UP.

HE'LL BE FINE. GILES PATCHES UP GREAT. A LITTLE DRY WALL, SOME SPACKLE...

NO, IT SHOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED. SOMETHING'S WRONG--

OH!

WHAT?

I JUST REMEMBERED. A BODY. IN A HOSPITAL GOWN JUST LIKE THAT ONE. GILES AND I FOUND IT IN THE CEMETERY. WE WERE LOOKING FOR YOU, TO SHOW IT TO YOU!

SOMEONE DIED WHILE I WAS PATROLLING?

NO, SEE, IT WAS STONE COLD. I THINK IT WAS DEAD FOR DAYS.

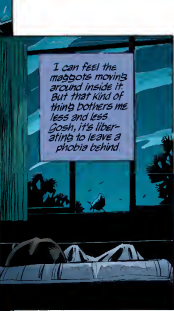
WHAT? I DON'T GET IT. HOW DID IT GET THERE? WHO BROUGHT IT THERE? WHY?

OH, LAM, THOSE ARE VERY HARD, NON-XANDER-BASED QUESTIONS

I HATE THIS. I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING THAT'S HAPPENING AND, XANDER... I THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ME.



This bird is lower quality than the last one



I can feel the maggots moving around inside it. But that kind of thing bothers me less and less. Gosh, it's liberating to leave a phobia behind



How are you, Sweetheart? I hope there are circuses and delights inside your head



I have things to tell you, Sweetheart. For example, did you know I was just in a vampire?



It was the most amazing feeling. And when the body turned to dust, I wasn't sad. I was galvanized, because I realized something...



...I realized that I could do it over and over and over again. I can terrorize the Slayer and her friends with a torment that never ends, just like yours. And she'll never even realize it's all one spirit against her.



She'll never know it's me.



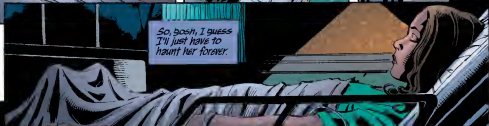
There's
only one
problem...



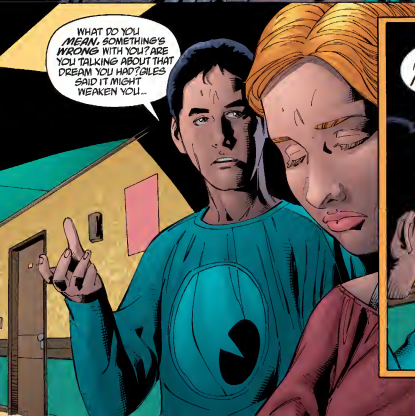
I will finally kill
her. It's inevitable.
And then, I fear,
my spirit will
find peace, and I
will fade away.



It's the
unfulfilled task
that keeps us
here. I haunt,
therefore I am.



So, gosh, I guess
I'll just have to
haunt her forever.



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN. SOMETHING'S
WRONG WITH YOU? ARE
YOU TALKING ABOUT THAT
DREAM YOU HAD? GILES
SAID IT MIGHT
WEAKEN YOU...



WAIT! TELL
ME WHAT YOU
MEANT!



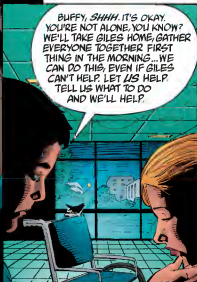
I'M OFF MY GAME WAY OFF. I CAN'T EVEN SEE THE GAME FROM HERE. I DON'T KNOW IF IT HAS TO DO WITH THE DREAMS OR NOT... I SCREAMED EARLIER TONIGHT WHEN I SAW THAT FIRST VAMP. THEN I LET GILES GET HURT--

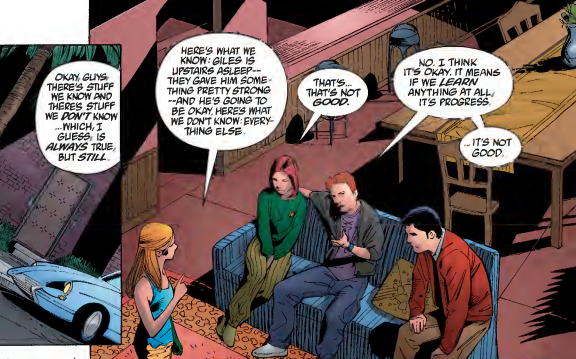
BUFFY, YOU DID NOT 'LET'--

NO, IT'S TRUE. I'M EXHAUSTED. IT'S LIKE I GAVE UP EVERYTHING I HAD FOR THAT FIGHT ON GRADUATION DAY, AND NOW... NOW I HAVE TO FIND MORE, AND MAYBE IT'S JUST NOT THERE.



BUFFY, SHHH. IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE NOT ALONE, YOU KNOW? WE'LL TAKE GILES HOME, GATHER EVERYONE TOGETHER FIRST THING IN THE MORNING... WE CAN DO THIS, EVEN IF GILES CAN'T HELP. LET US HELP. TELL US WHAT TO DO AND WE'LL HELP.





OKAY, GUYS. THERE'S STUFF WE KNOW AND THERE'S STUFF WE **DON'T** KNOW...WHICH, I GUESS, IS ALWAYS TRUE, BUT STILL.

HERE'S WHAT WE KNOW: GILES IS UPSTAIRS ASLEEP--THEY GAVE HIM SOMETHING PRETTY STRONG--AND HE'S GOING TO BE OKAY. HERE'S WHAT WE DON'T KNOW: EVERYTHING ELSE.

THAT'S... THAT'S NOT GOOD.

NO. I THINK IT'S OKAY. IT MEANS IF WE **LEARN** ANYTHING AT ALL, IT'S PROGRESS.

...IT'S NOT GOOD.



I NEED TO KNOW HOW A BODY FROM THE SUNNYDALE HOSPITAL MORGUE GOT TO THE CEMETERY. I ALSO NEED TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THE VAMP THAT HURT GILES. THERE WAS SOMETHING WEIRD ABOUT IT.

WHAT KIND OF WEIRD? I MEAN, I ASSUME YOU MEAN MORE THAN JUST "ENJOYS BLOOD-BASED BEVERAGES" WEIRD.



IT DIDN'T GROWL, AND IT DIDN'T TRY TO BITE, EVEN WHEN GILES'S THROAT WAS RIGHT UNDER ITS NOSE. AND I THINK IT GAVE UP. IT LET ME STAKE IT AT THE END. I'M THINKING MAYBE THAT MEANS IT'S PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER.

OOH, I HATE IT WHEN VAMPS ARE PART OF SOMETHING BIGGER.

AMBITION. BAD THING. I'VE ALWAYS SAID SO.



WE CAN GO LOOK INTO THE BODY IN THE CEMETERY RIGHT NOW. I WONDER IF ANYONE ELSE HAS FOUND IT.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT LETTING YOU GUYS DO THIS ALONE.

BUFFY, YOU REST. STAY WITH GILES.



"WE'LL BE FINE."



I THINK
IT WAS RIGHT
AROUND
HERE..

WE'RE
SCOUTING NEW
LOCK-UPS, WHAT WITH
THE HIGH SCHOOL BUSY
BEING EXPLODED, AND
A COLLEGE LOCALE
MIGHT BE
CONVENIENT.

I HOPE
WE FIND IT SOON.
OZ AND I HAVE TO
HEAD OVER TO THE
CAMPUS.

RIGHT, COLLEGE.
FUTURE.
GOOD.

XANDER.
SPEAKS.
SEPARATE.
WORDS.



IT'S JUST, WHAT HAPPENED
IS MAKING ME THINK, I
MEAN, THE WAY EVERYONE
WORKED TOGETHER AT
GRADUATION, I FELT
LIKE I BELONGED
THERE.

YOU
DO. OF
COURSE
YOU
DO.

MAYBE I'M
CRAZY TO PACK UP
AND GO ON THIS ROAD-
TRIP THING. I COULD
STAY HERE, HANG WITH
YOU GUYS, MAYBE TAKE
A DIFFERENT PATH. IF
I CAN BE USEFUL
TO BUFFY...



REALLY,
YOU KNOW,
USEF

GAHHH!





"INTRODUCTION
TO PSYCHOLOGY.
INTRODUCTION TO
PALEONTOLOGY..."



INTRODUCTION
TO RUSSIAN
LITERATURE.
INTRODUCTION TO
THE CIVIL
WAR.



WHERE IS
INTRODUCTION TO
EATING *SNACK* CAKES?
INTRODUCTION TO WATCH-
ING TV WITHOUT
RETAINING ANYTHING.
INTRODUCTION TO
NAPPING.



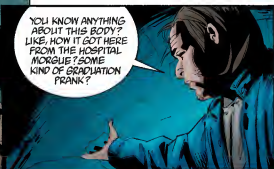
I MAY
EVEN BE READY
FOR ADVANCED
NAPPING.



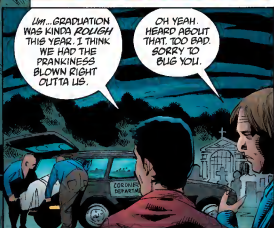


YOU KIDS ARE A LITTLE JUMPY, AREN'T YOU?

WE LIVE IN SUNNYDALE.



YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS BODY? LIKE, HOW IT GOT HERE FROM THE HOSPITAL MORGUE? SOME KIND OF GRADUATION FRANK?



UHH... GRADUATION WAS KINDA *ROUGH* THIS YEAR. I THINK WE HAD THE PRANKINESS BLOWN RIGHT OUTTA US.

OH YEAH. HEARD ABOUT THAT. TOO BAD. SORRY TO BUG YOU.



SO, WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK? DID THE DEAD GUY WALK HERE OR WHAT?

PROBABLY. PUBLIC TRANSPORT NOT SO ACCEPTING OF THE LIVING DEAD.

NOT A VAMP, THOUGH. BECAUSE, *BODY*, NOT DUST.



SO, WHAT NEXT? A LITTLE COMPUTER RESEARCH OR--

MAYBE LATER. BUT OZ AND I, WE REALLY HAVE TO GO. WE NEED TO FIND A PLACE BY TONIGHT.



RIGHT. SEE YOU GUYS LATER.

"I THINK I
FOUND A GOOD
PLACE. SORT OF
A TOOL-SHED PLACE
THE CAMPUS
GARDENERS USE.
NICE AND DARK
AND IT SMELLS ALL
EARTHY, YOU KNOW.
I THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE THAT."

IT'LL BE REALLY
CONVENIENT WHEN WE'RE
BOTH IN DORMS. *WHICH,*
AREN'T YOU EXCITED? I
MEAN, *COLLEGE.* I
HEAR THAT PEOPLE
LIKE ME BLOSSOM
IN COLLEGE...

WHAT'S
THAT?



BIG
EQUIPMENT,
LITTLE
BUILDING.
WEIRD.

MAYBE
IT'S A CLOWN
COLLEGE...



YOU KNOW,
LIKE WHEN THERE'S
LOTS OF CLOWNS,
TEENY CAR?

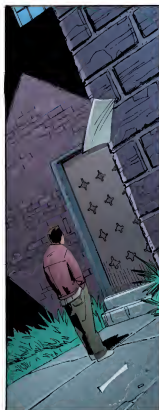
I'M
GONNA
ASK.

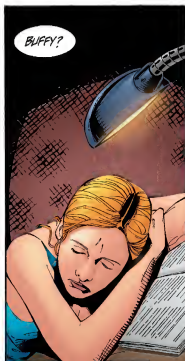
HEY, GUYS,
WHAT'S--

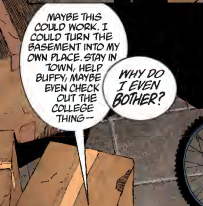
STAY
BACK.

YOU
HAVE TO
MOVE
ON.









WHY DO I EVEN BOTHER?



WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE I ASKED FOR THIS LIFE, IS IT? YOU THINK THIS IS WHAT I WANTED?





DREAMS
ARE FUN. ASK
ME WHY.

NO? THAT'S
OKAY. I'LL TELL YOU
ANYWAY.



IT'S FUN
BECAUSE ANY-
THING CAN
HAPPEN.



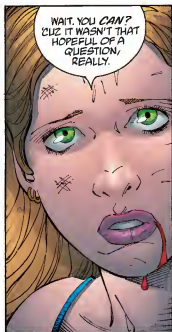
MY.
THAT IS
FUN.













WHAT?



YOU'RE
ALREADY
DEAD.



NO...



"HE KILLED ME
I KEEP SEEING
IT, KIND OF
REPLAYING IN
MY HEAD."





ONLY IT SORT OF WASN'T ANGEL, IT WAS THAT VAMPIRE THAT HURT YOU, GILES. GOD, IT WAS ALL MIXED UP. IT WASN'T A NORMAL DREAM. IT MEANT SOMETHING. AND THEY TOLD ME ...THEY SAID...



"YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD."

THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID



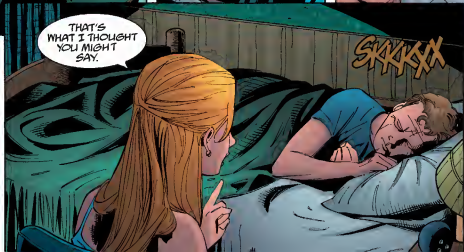
AND I KNEW I NEEDED TO TALK TO SOMEONE. GET SOMEONE'S ADVICE. RELY ON MY FRIENDS.



THEY SAID, "YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD."



SKKKKK



THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT SAY.

SKKKKK

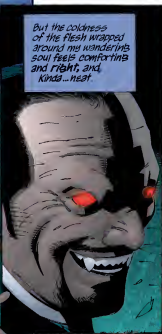


*Here comes
the Mayor!
Raise your
hands if you
missed me!*





Gosh, it's interesting.
It no longer disgusts
me to occupy the body
of a vampire. I mean, I
guess it's odd not to
look like myself.



But the coldness
of the flesh wrapped
around my wandering
soul feels comforting
and right, and
kinda... neat.



I like the way the sinews
in this new body--well, new
to me. ha ha--already
partially dissolved by the
process of decay, have
been hardened, strength-
ened, made better than
they were in life.



The eyes see in the
dark. Even now, before
the moon rises, I can
see every little detail.



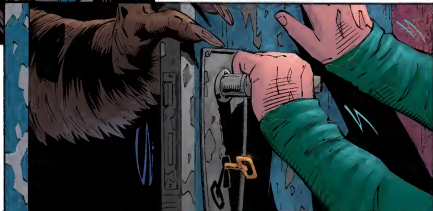
Very
hands.



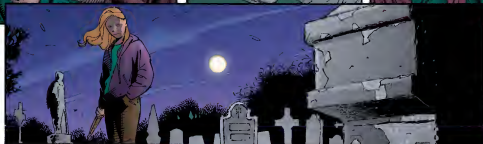
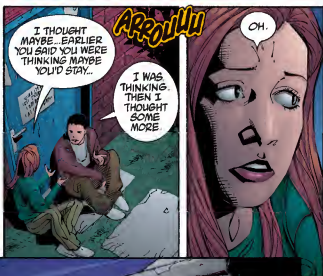
WE'RE CUTTING
IT CLOSE, THE
MOON'S ABOUT
TO RISE.

















It is like
drinking
life itself.



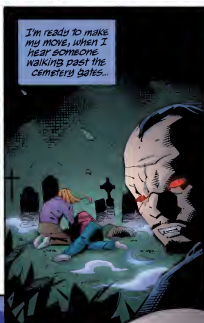
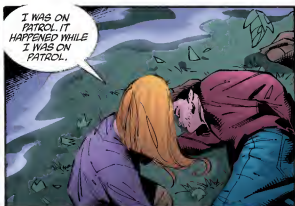
And I begin to wonder
who is possessing whom.
But, then again, as long
as I keep my goal in mind...



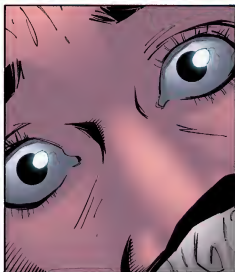
...I don't
really
care.



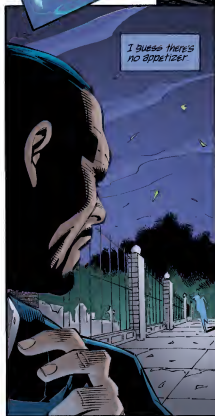




She knows her friend the Slayer is inside, on guard. That's why she is so bold, and shows no fear. She knows she only has to yell...



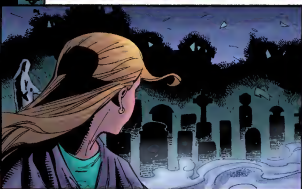




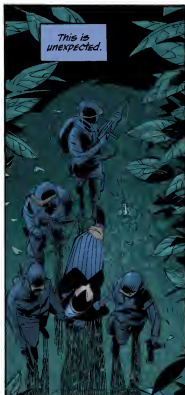
I guess there's
no appetizer.

I'm ready for
the main course
anyway.





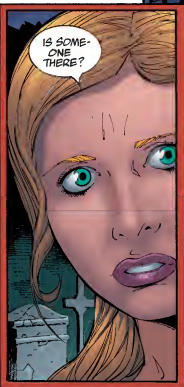
This is unexpected.



Curiouser and curiouser.



IS SOME-
ONE
THERE?



AIN'T
NOBODY HERE
BUT US HALLI-
CINATIONS,
B.





YOU'RE
NOT REALLY
HERE.

YEAH, I
THINK WE
ESTABLISHED
THAT
ALREADY.



WOW,
DEAD GUY.
BITTEN.
YOUR
FAULT?

I TOLD
HIM TO GO
AWAY.

VERY TERSE.
YOU'RE EXTREMELY
QUIET TONIGHT, B.
YOU KNOW THAT?
HARDLY YOURSELF
AT ALL.

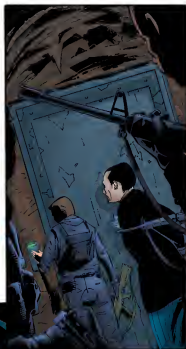
HOW DID YOU
PLIT IT? "OFF
YOUR GAME"?
GUESS IT'S
TRUE,
HUH?



I'M
FINE.



I'M...I'M
TALKING TO
MYSELF. OTHER
THAN THAT...
I'M FINE.





Holy cow. All of this, under my town. I'm the Mayor and I know nothing of this. That's not right.

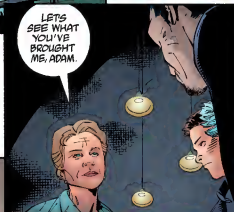


CALL HER. TELL HER THERE'S A NEW ARRIVAL.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO CALL ME.



LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE BROUGHT ME, ADAM.



HMM. HE'S PRETTY ORDINARY, ISN'T HE?



Wow. Could she be more wrong?



Until very recently I was the mayor of Summerville. This was *my* town, and I knew every *gosh-darn* thing that happened here. It isn't until now until I'm a possessing spirit, that I find out about this...this...*outrage*!?



This appalling, enormous laboratory under my city? At least it's nice and clean. That's all I have to say.



THIS IS NOTHING. A STANDARD HOSTILE.

I AM NOT STANDARD.



INTERESTING. MAYBE THIS ONE IS MORE THAN HE SEEMS.

FORREST, GRAHAM...



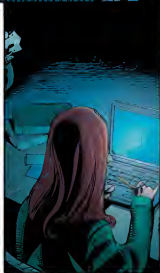
It's possible. I should have remained silent.

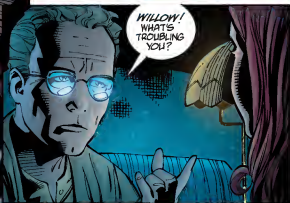


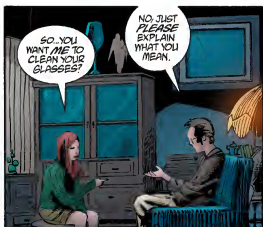
DO A PHYSICAL SURVEY.

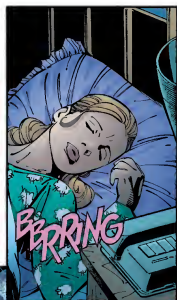


I don't especially like the sound of this.













HEY, THIS
WHOLE ALLEY
THING? I'M
OVER IT.

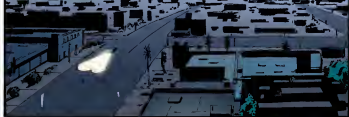


WELCOME
TO MY HOME.









CRISPY
BAR. BREAKFAST OF
SLIGHTLY PUFFY
CHAMPIONS



MMMMIFFY?





Who are these people? Why are they examining vampires and demons? The question suddenly fades in importance...



...as they cut into me. The pain is terrible. Undescribable.



I would wish for death, but I have that. No, all I could wish for was...



...a new dead body.



I just love moving into a new place, don't you?



THIS IS THE ONE YOU BROUGHT IN, RIGHT, ADAM?

YEAH. HAD A FUNNY FEELING ABOUT HIM, WANTED TO SEE IF SOMETHING WAS UP.



WELL, SO FAR, SEEMS COMPLETELY STANDARD.



WHAT A SWEET NEW BODY I APPROVE



HELP! HELP ME WITH ADAM!

HE'S OUT, HOSTILE SIX. YES, HE IS DEAD. I DON'T KNOW--



FIND HIM!
BRING HIM BACK!
I NEED TO SEE THE
MONSTER THAT
DID THIS



C'MON...



YOU WANT TO
SEE ME,
FAITH? COME
SEE ME. I'M
READY.



HOW 'BOUT
ME? READY
FOR ME?

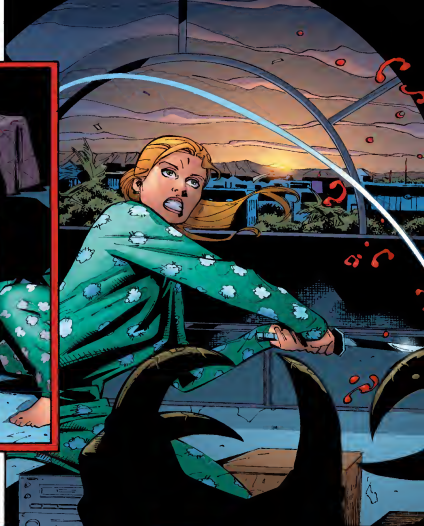


WHO...?
YOU'RE
NOT WHO
I WAS...

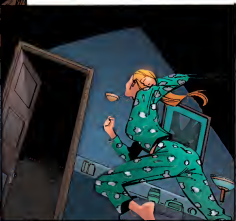


I know her death
means the end of me.
I sense it deep
inside, but... I just
can't resist, you
know?





*Oops
Dropped
something.*







HOOO...

**BUFF!
WHAT IS
THAT?!**

BIG HEADLESS DEMON. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HIS STORY IS, BUT HE'S WHAT THE DREAM WAS TRYING TO TELL ME THE WHOLE TIME. I CUT HIS HEAD OFF AND HE BARELY BLINKED AND IT HIT ME... HE'S THE ONE THAT'S ALREADY DEAD.

**KAKK
KAKK**



SO THE DREAM WAS SENT TO HELP YOU!

WAIT! BY FAITH?

I DON'T THINK SO. BY WHOEVER LOOKS OUT FOR SLAYERS. I GUESS. GUYS, HE'S GONNA PUSH THIS OPEN IN A SEC--



I KNEW IT! THIS IS WHAT I WORKED OUT WITH GILES! IT'S GOT TO BE THE SAME SPIRIT THAT WAS MOVING FROM VAMPIRE TO VAMPIRE! BUFFY, WE'VE BEEN FIGHTING THIS SAME THING OVER AND OVER!

YEAH? NIFTY. SO HOW DO WE KILL ALREADY-DEAD GUY?

LET GO!
THERE IS
NO POINT
IN THIS
DELAY!



You stand
before me,
helpless...



Ammmm...



ESSENCE FLEE
AND BAR BEHIND HIM
PORTALS CLOSE AND
SPIRITS RISE...



LET THE PHANTOM
WANDER ROOTLESS
HAUNT THE LAND AND
CLOUD THE SKIES...



A terrible feeling.
Really unpleasant.



GREAT JOB,
WILLOW! IT
WORKED!

IT
WORKED!

IT
WORKED?



AND IT
CAN'T JUST
GO POSSESS
ANOTHER
VAMP?

NO TOTAL
EVICTION SPELL...
WHATEVER IT IS
CAN'T POSSESS
ANYONE.

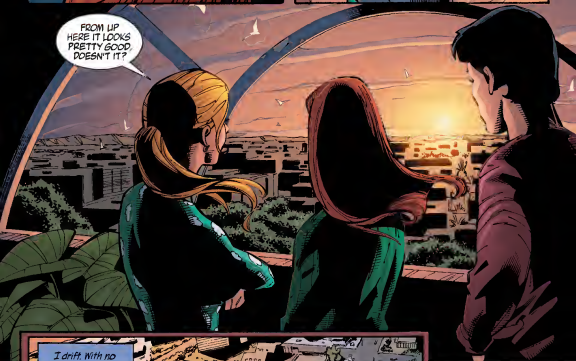
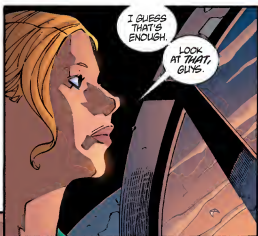


BUT WHO WAS IT?
I GET THAT SOME-
THING WAS MOVING
FROM BODY TO
BODY, BUT,
YOU KNOW,
WHAT?



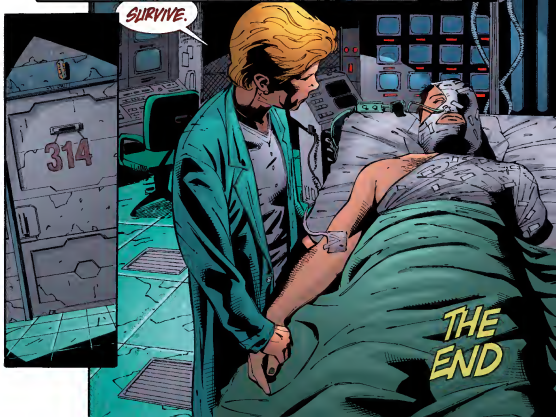
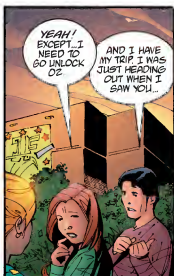
I DON'T
CARE WHAT
IT WAS, AS
LONG AS IT'S
GONE.





I drift with no body to keep my intellect from dissipating into the cosmos, I must cling to the one thing she left me.





Buffy
THE
VAMPIRE SLAYER

TAKE BACK NIGHT

WELCOME PLEDGES

SO HOW'S THE NEW GIRL-FRIEND WORKING OUT FOR YOU? YOU LOGGING ANY SACK TIME WITH THAT PIECE?

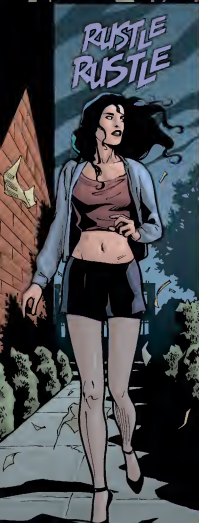
COME ON. IT AIN'T LIKE THAT.

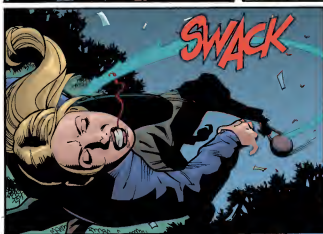
IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT.

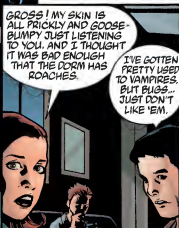
IT'S
ALWAYS
LIKE
THAT.

OH,
PLEASE...













CARTER HALL



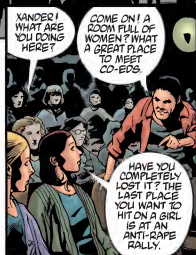
TONIGHT'S GUEST
CARTER HALL
AUDITORIUM B
CANDY WESTWIND
WILL TAKE BACK
THE NIGHT



NOT
MANY GUYS
HERE...

NO GUY WANTS
TO SIT THROUGH
A SESSION OF
MAN-BASHING.
UNLESS THEY'VE
GOT SOMETHING
ELSE ON THE
BRAIN.

HEY, IS
THAT SEAT
TAKEN?



XANDER!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

COME ON! A
ROOM FULL OF
WOMEN? WHAT
A GREAT PLACE
TO MEET
CO-EDS.

HAVE YOU
COMPLETELY
LOST IT? THE
LAST PLACE
YOU WANT TO
HIT ON A GIRL
IS AT AN
ANTI-RAPE
RALLY.



WHOA...

HOW WAS
I SUPPOSED
TO KNOW THAT'S
WHAT THIS IS
ABOUT?



BZZZZZZ



DO YOU
HEAR ANYTHING
STRANGE, LIKE
A LOW--

SHHH! IT'S
ABOUT TO
START.



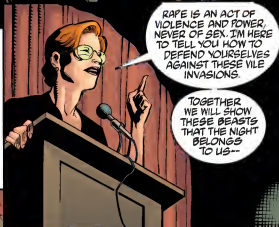
BZZZZZZZZZZ



LOOK!
OVER
THERE!

WHAT?
I DON'T
SEE ANY-
THING.

I'D LIKE TO THANK
YOU ALL FOR COMING
TONIGHT. IT'S GREAT TO
SEE SO MANY PEOPLE
TIRED OF BEING
AFRAID.



RAPE IS AN ACT OF
VIOLENCE AND POWER,
NEVER OF SEX. I'M HERE
TO TELL YOU HOW TO
DEFEND YOURSELVES
AGAINST THESE VILE
INVASIONS.

TOGETHER
WE WILL SHOW
THESE BEASTS
THAT THE NIGHT
BELONGS
TO US--



--AND
TONIGHT
WE'RE
GOING TO
TO TAKE
IT BACK.



WHAT'S
GOING
ON?

THERE'S
A BUG
AMONG
US!



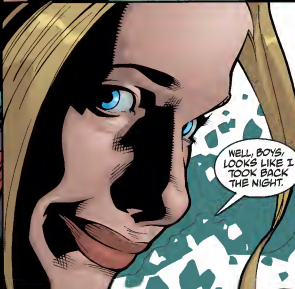
THERE'S
MORE THAN
ONE--OH,
THIS IS NOT
GOOD!



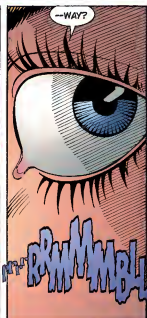


LET'S SEE HOW YOU DO AGAINST SOMEONE WHO FIGHTS BACK.

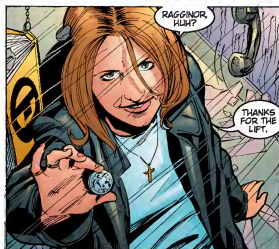
ZZZZZZ

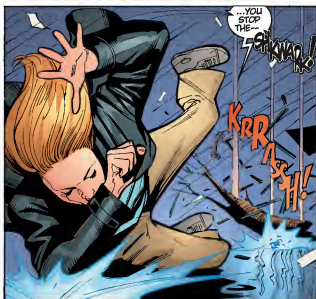
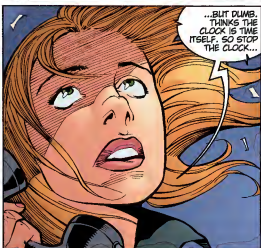
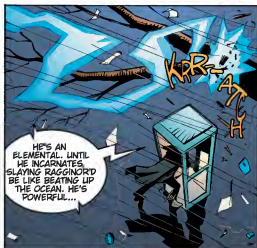


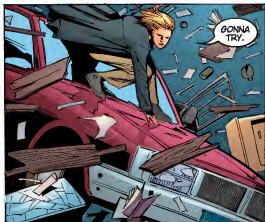
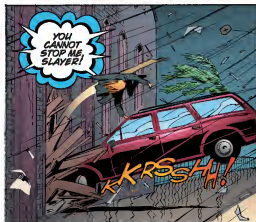
THE
END

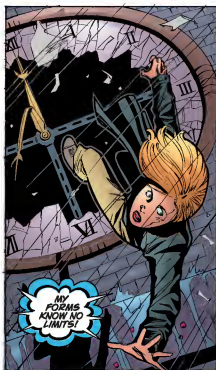


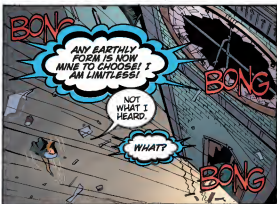


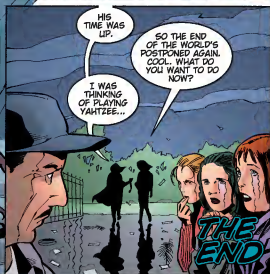
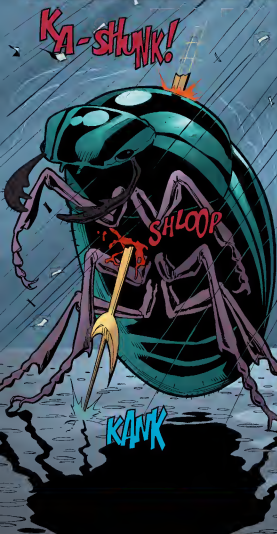










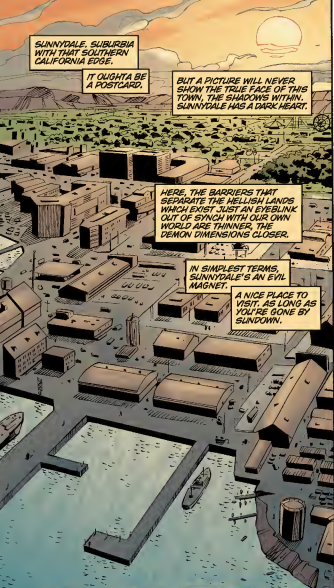


The Blood of Carthage



MATTHEW + SYDNEY + NICK





SUNNYDALE, SUBURBIA
WITH THAT SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA EDGE.

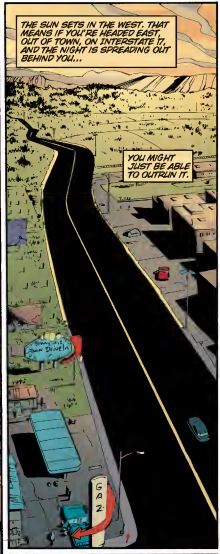
IT OUGHTA BE
A POSTCARD.

BUT A PICTURE WILL NEVER
SHOW THE TRUE FACE OF THIS
TOWN. THE SHADOWS WITHIN.
SUNNYDALE HAS A DARK HEART.

HERE, THE BARRIERS THAT
SEPARATE THE HELLISH LANDS
WHICH EXIST JUST AN EYEBLINK
OUT OF SYNCH WITH OUR OWN
WORLD ARE THINNER, THE
DEMON DIMENSIONS CLOSER.

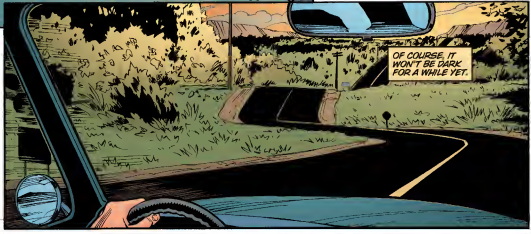
IN SIMPLEST TERMS,
SUNNYDALE'S AN EVIL
MAGNET.

A NICE PLACE TO
VISIT. AS LONG AS
YOU'RE GONE BY
SUNDOWN.



THE SUN SETS IN THE WEST. THAT
MEANS IF YOU'RE HEADED EAST,
OUT OF TOWN, ON INTERSTATE 7,
AND THE NIGHT IS SPREADING OUT
BEHIND YOU...

YOU MIGHT
JUST BE ABLE
TO OULTRUN IT.



OF COURSE, IT
WON'T BE DARK
FOR A WHILE YET.

BUT THE NIGHT IS
COMING, AND IT'S GOING
TO BE A LONG ONE.

OH, MY
GOD.

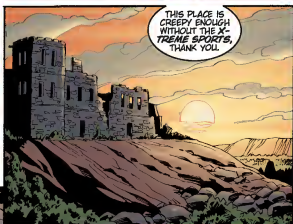
I CAN'T BELIEVE
I'VE LIVED HERE ALL THIS
TIME AND I NEVER KNEW
THIS WAS HERE.

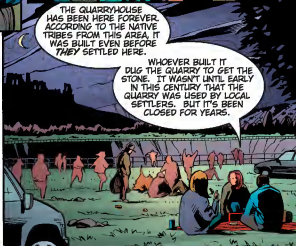
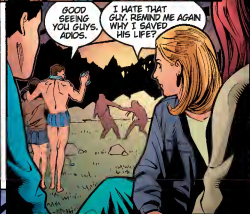
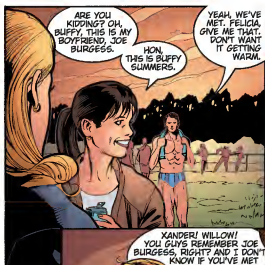
WELL, THE QUARRY'S
ALWAYS BEEN KIND OF
A COLLEGE THING. PARTY
AREA, PRETTY MUCH
OFF LIMITS TO HIGH
SCHOOL KIDS.

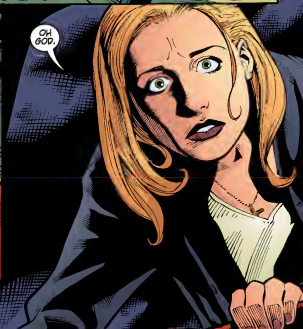
WHICH ALWAYS
SEEMED REALLY
UNFAIR...

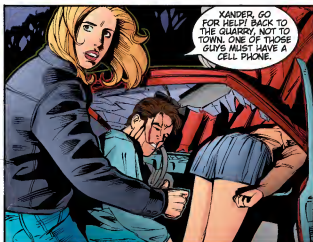
...BUT, NOW
THAT WE'VE PUT
HIGH SCHOOL BEHIND
US, SOMEHOW
SEEMS PERFECTLY
REASONABLE.

SEE
HAAAA!









XANDER, GO FOR HELP! BACK TO THE QUARRY, NOT TO TOWN. ONE OF THOSE GUYS MUST HAVE A CELL PHONE.



I'VE GOT A PULSE. SHE'S STILL ALIVE.

JOE! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, TRY NOT TO MOVE. WE'RE GETTING HELP.



MAD JACK. IT WAS...MAD JACK. WE WERE PARKED...UP THE STREET...JUST FOOLIN' AROUND...CAME OUT OF THE TREES AT US...

THOUGHT I WAS DEAD...NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT...

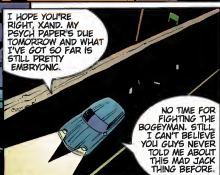


WHAT'S A MAD JACK?



IT'S LIKE THE BOGEYMAN, ONLY, Y'KNOW, THE SUNNYDALE VERSION. EVERY TEN YEARS, MAD JACK SHOWS UP, SCARES A BUNCH OF LOCALS, AND DISAPPEARS AGAIN. HE'S SHY, I GUESS.

OR A MONSTER HERMIT. I'M LEANING TOWARD ALCOHOL AS THE CULPRIT HERE, THOUGH. JOE HAD TEN TOO MANY BEERS AND WRECKED HIS CAR. HAPPENS ALL TOO OFTEN.



I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, XAND. MY PSYCH PAPER'S DUE TOMORROW AND WHAT I'VE GOT SO FAR IS STILL PRETTY EMBRYONIC.

NO TIME FOR FIGHTING THE BOGEYMAN. STILL I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU GUYS NEVER TOLD ME ABOUT THIS MAD JACK THING BEFORE.



IT'S JUST A STORY, BUFF.

MAD JACK MAY JUST BE THE ONLY LOCAL LEGEND THAT DOESN'T HAVE A BASIS IN REALITY.

SUNNYDALE, 1989.

IF
ADVENTURE
HAS A
NAME...

...IT MUST BE
XANDER HARRIS.

YOU...
YOU'RE NOT REALLY
GONNA RIDE DOWN THERE?
YOU ARE NOT INDIANA
JONES, XANDER.

YEE HAAAA!
COME ON,
WILLOW!

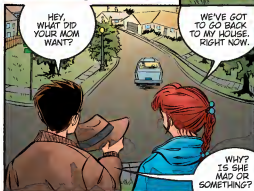
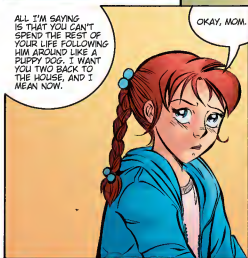
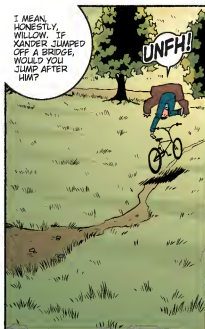
I'M PRETTY SURE
ADVENTURE'S NAME
ISN'T WILLOW
ROSENBERG.

OKAY.
ALL RIGHT.
GONNA DO IT. IF
XANDER CAN
DO IT --

--SO
CAN...

WILLOW!

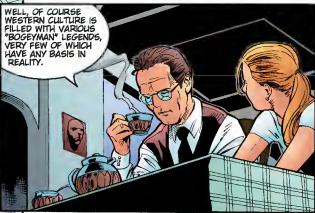
I'M GOING TO
ASSUME THAT YOU
WEREN'T ABOUT TO
RIDE DOWN THAT HILL,
MAINLY BECAUSE NO
DAUGHTER OF MINE
IS THAT STUPID.





SO, ANY GUESSES? MAKE WITH THE MONSTER KNOWLEDGE. THIS MAD JACK STORY RING ANY BELLS?

WELL, OF COURSE WESTERN CULTURE IS FILLED WITH VARIOUS "BOGEYMAN" LEGENDS, VERY FEW OF WHICH HAVE ANY BASIS IN REALITY.



THIS BEING SUNNYDALE, HOWEVER, PERHAPS I'D BETTER-- DAMN! MY TEA!

I GOT IT.



...SLAYER...

TERGAZZI! YOU KNOW TERGAZZI, DON'T YOU, GILES? EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE DEMON SNITCH AND BLACK MARKETEE?



WHAT'VE YOU GOT, TERRY? MORE STOLEN ARTIFACTS FOR SALE, OR JUST THE LATEST ON DEMON ACTIVITY? LET'S HAVE IT. PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE, JUST NOT ONE OF MINE.



YOU...YOU'VE GOTTA COME, SLAYER. IT'S HORRIBLE.





I WISH I KNEW.
BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE
SOMEBODY TRASHED MY PLACE,
AND EVEN THEN, IT WAS NEVER
LIKE THIS. IF I HADN'T
BEEN... INDISPOSED
AT THE TIME...

I DON'T EVEN
WANT TO THINK
ABOUT IT.

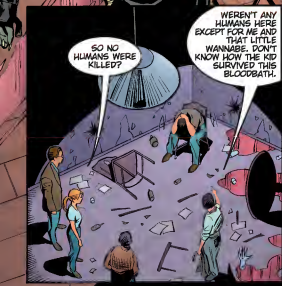


WILLY?



THE VAMPS ALL
GOT DUSTED. THAT'S
EASY ENOUGH. I CAN
SWEEP THEM UP. BUT
THE DEMONS... I WANNA
AVOID THE COPS
COMING AROUND,
Y'KNOW? GOTTA GET
RID OF THIS MESS.

GOT A DEAL WITH
A GUY DOWN THE
STREET. HE'S GOT A
BIG INCINERATOR
THERE. ENOUGH BAR
BRAWLS, YOU GET
SMART. SO, YOU GONNA
STAND THERE, OR CAN
YOU GIMME A HAND?



WEREN'T ANY
HUMANS HERE
EXCEPT FOR ME AND
THAT LITTLE
WANNABE. DON'T
KNOW HOW THE KID
SURVIVED THIS
BLOODBATH.

SO NO
HUMANS WERE
KILLED?



BRAD?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE? LAST TIME I SAW
YOU, YOU GOT THE LAST
FEW PEOPLE ON EARTH
WHO DIDN'T THINK YOU
WERE A MORON
KILLED...

YOU CAN'T
KEEP SUCKING
UP TO DEMONS,
HOPING ONE OF 'EM
WILL SAVE YOUR
MOTHER'S LIFE. IT'S
NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
THEY CALL IT EVIL
FOR A REASON,
Y'KNOW?



MOM'S DEAD. DIED WHILE I WAS IN JAIL. THEY LET ME OUT, THOUGH. INSANITY. CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?



HMM. NOW THIS IS NEW. THIS CREATURE'S EYES HAVE BEEN REMOVED--POSSIBLY ITS BRAIN AS WELL. WHATEVER DID IT LEFT SOME KIND OF RESIDUE.



ATE 'EM. IT SUCKED THEIR EYES AND BRAINS RIGHT OUT OF THEIR HEADS.

BUT IT LET ME LIVE. IT LOVES ME, YOU SEE?



LET ME SEE IF I UNDERSTAND THIS CORRECTLY. YOUR MOTHER'S DEAD. YOU HAVE NOTHING REALLY TO GAIN FROM PLAYING WITH THE DEMON SET, AND YOU CAN'T STAY AWAY.

GO HOME, BRAD. DON'T COME BACK. YOU KEEP PLAYING TWISTER WITH THE DARK FORCES, YOU'LL END UP DEAD, OR WORSE. DON'T MAKE ME HURT YOU.



"TWISTER WITH THE DARK FORCES." THAT WAS A GOOD ONE.

TERRY. I DON'T THINK SHE'S IN THE MOOD.



GUESS I'LL HAVE TO CLOSE DOWN FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS, CLEAN THE PLACE UP. DAMN, I JUST LOST HALF MY REGULAR CUSTOMERS IN ONE NIGHT.

YES, WELL, PERHAPS IN THE FUTURE YOU MIGHT TRY TO ATTRACT A LESS UNSAVORY ELEMENT.



I THINK IT'S TIME I HAD A LITTLE MEETING OF THE FISTS WITH THE BOGEYMAN.



OKAY, THAT'S ONE PLAN. BUT WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF MAD JACK REALLY EXISTS. SHOULDN'T WE TRY TO GET SOME MORE DETAILS FIRST?

AND...DON'T YOU HAVE THAT PSYCH PAPER TO FINISH?



AH, COME ON, WILL. BUFFY KNOWS HER PSYCHOSIS, NO PROBLEM. LIKE I ALWAYS SAY, BEATING THE BUSHES FOR BOGEMEN BEATS BURDENSOME RESEARCH ANY DAY.

COURSE, I DON'T SAY IT FIVE TIMES FAST.



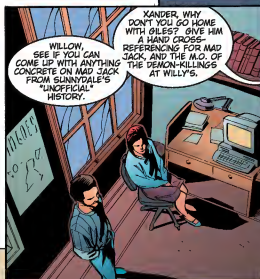
WILLOW HAS A POINT, BUFFY. THE CARNAGE AT WILLY'S COULD HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF A DEMON WE SIMPLY HAVEN'T RUN ACROSS YET.

AND EVEN IF HE DOES EXIST, WE HAVEN'T ANY EVIDENCE MAD JACK IS TRULY DANGEROUS.



WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS? LOOK, I'M NOT EXACTLY PRESIDENT OF JOE BURGESS' FAN CLUB. HE'S A THUG. BUT BEFORE I START PATROLLING FOR SOME MYSTERY DEMON...

...I'M GOING TO SEE IF THE BOGEYMAN REALLY EXISTS.



WILLOW,
SEE IF YOU CAN
COME UP WITH ANYTHING
CONCRETE ON MAD JACK
FROM SUNNYDALE'S
"UNOFFICIAL"
HISTORY.

XANDER, WHY
DON'T YOU GO HOME
WITH GILES? GIVE HIM
A HAND CROSS-
REFERENCING FOR MAD
JACK, AND THE M.O. OF
THE DEMON-KILLINGS
AT WILLY'S.



I'LL BE
HUNTING.

WOW.
GUESS SHE
REALLY DOESN'T
WANT TO WORK ON
THAT PAPER.



SHE DOES
SEEM A BIT...
HASTY, BUT MAD
JACK IS REALLY
OUR ONLY LEAD.
COME ON,
XANDER.

BUT--

XANDER.
GO.

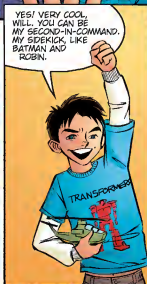
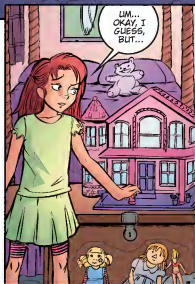
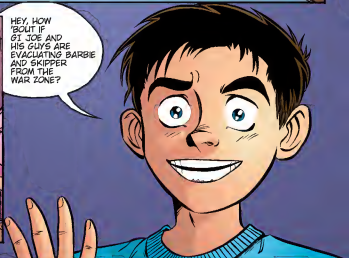


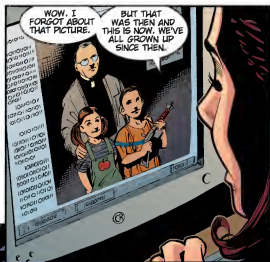
HOW DO
YOU LIKE THAT,
MOM?

THIS GIRL
IS NOBODY'S
PUPPY.



HEY, HOW 'BOUT IF GI JOE AND HIS GUYS ARE EVACUATING BARBIE AND SKIPPER FROM THE WAR ZONE?





WOW. I FORGOT ABOUT THAT PICTURE.

BUT THAT WAS THEN AND THIS IS NOW. WE'VE ALL GROWN UP SINCE THEN.

CAN I JUST SAY, BATMAN AND ROBIN NEVER SPENT THIS MUCH TIME HITTING THE BOOKS.

I'D REMIND YOU THAT THE DYNAMIC DUO ARE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS, BUT IT'S TAKING ALL OF MY CONCENTRATION TO AVOID PICTURING YOU IN TIGHTS.



"I WONDER HOW BUFFY IS FARING."



THIS IS NOT THE MOST ROMANTIC PLACE TO GO PARKING. OKAY, FELICIA WAS NEVER THE BRIGHTEST OF THE POPSICLE STAND STAFF, BUT JOE BURGES?

-BRRR-

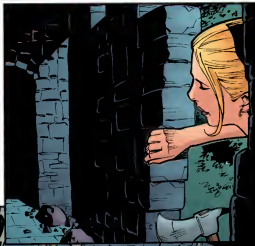


AND HERE I'M TALKING TO MYSELF AGAIN. MAYBE THOSE GUYS WERE RIGHT. MAYBE THERE ISN'T ANY BOGEYMAN. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE WAITED FOR--

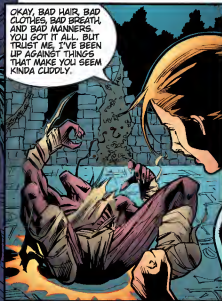




OR...YOU COULD
RUN AWAY. A
BATTLE STRATEGY
DEMONS DON'T
EMPLOY NEARLY
ENOUGH.









DO YOU THINK BOGEYMAN-KILLING INJURIES ARE AN ACCEPTABLE EXCUSE FOR THE LACK OF ACTUAL RESEARCH IN MY PSYCH PAPER?

SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK THAT'S...OH...



BRAD CAULFIELD'S DEAD. SOMEBODY TORE OUT HIS EYES. IT SAYS PARTS OF HIS BRAIN WERE...MISSING.



LOCAL TEEN FOUND DEAD



JUST LIKE THE MASSACRE AT WILLY'S. WHEN DID IT HAPPEN, WILL?

LAST NIGHT. BETWEEN NINE AND ELEVEN.

THAT...THAT CAN'T BE RIGHT. MAD JACK WAS ALREADY DEAD. THAT WOULD MEAN I...KILLED HIM FOR NOTHING.

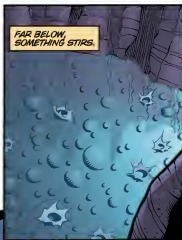
LOCAL TEEN FOUND DEAD

AND WHATEVER KILLED BRAD IS STILL OUT THERE.





THE UNTHINKABLE
HAS COME TO PASS.



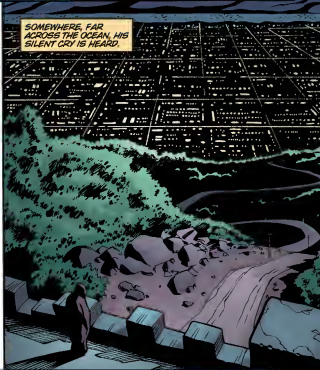
FAR BELOW,
SOMETHING STIRS.



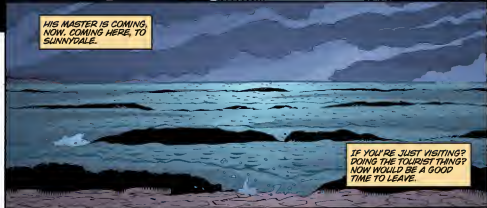
THE GUARDIAN
HAS BEEN SLAIN.



XERXES THE BLIND SCREAMS
SILENTLY, A CRY FOR HELP, A
MESSAGE FOR HIS MASTER.



SOMEWHERE, FAR
ACROSS THE OCEAN, HIS
SILENT CRY IS HEARD.



HIS MASTER IS COMING,
NOW. COMING HERE, TO
SUNNYDALE.

IF YOU'RE JUST VISITING?
DOING THE TOURIST THING?
NOW WOULD BE A GOOD
TIME TO LEAVE.



ONCE UPON A TIME, HERE IN SUNNYDALE, CALIFORNIA, THE BATTLE LINES IN THE WAR BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL WERE SHARPLY DRAWN.



GOOD VERSUS EVIL. LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS. ORDER VERSUS CHAOS.



THEN, OVER TIME, THINGS BEGAN TO CHANGE. A KIND OF FLOW WAS CREATED BETWEEN THE TWO. ALLIANCES MADE. LOYALTIES ALTERED. BLACK AND WHITE BECAME GREY.



OR AT LEAST THAT WAS HOW IT SEEMED.



APPEARANCES ASIDE, THOUGH, MOST OF THE CREATURES OF THE NIGHT HAVE ONLY ONE LOYALTY ...

... TO THEMSELVES.

ONCE UPON A TIME HE WAS KNOWN AS WILLIAM THE BLOODY. LATER, HE WENT THROUGH A BIT OF AN ARTISTIC PERIOD, USED TO END HIS VICTIMS' LIVES WITH A RAILROAD SPIKE.

THOUGHT IT WAS COLORFUL, HAVING A SORT OF SIGNATURE LIKE THAT. SPIKE--THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL HIM NOW. HE LIKES THE NAME.

SOMETIMES HE FORGETS HE EVER HAD ANOTHER.

RECENTLY, SOMEONE TINKERED WITH HIS BRAIN. HE CAN'T KILL HUMANS ANYMORE. OF LATE, HE'S BEEN HANGING OUT WITH THE SLAYER AND HER CREW.

IT MAKES HIM FEEL LIKE A PET.

WHICH PUTS HIM IN A HELL OF A MOOD.

WELL, WELL, JAX. YOU PAID OFF THE CARETAKER TO LET YOU PARK HERE, AND STILL HAD ENOUGH LEFT OVER TO HIRE YOURSELF A BIT OF SWEET N' LOVELY.

COME ON, THEN. YOU'VE GOT ALL NIGHT FOR THAT. OL' SPIKE'S IN THE MOOD FOR SOME FUN. LET'S SEE WHAT NIFTY TOYS YOU'VE GOT WITH YOU THIS TIME.

JAX? DON'T KNOW IF YOU REMEMBER, MATE, BUT I'M NOT THE MOST PATIENT--

WHAMMM!

UHHFFF!

YOU HAVE GOT TO BE JOKING.

KERKES THE BLIND, IN SUNNYDALE.



THIS OLD
WORLD GETS
STRANGER
EVERY DAY.

COME ON, OL'
MATE--NOT
EVEN GOING
TO SAY
HELLO?



WHUDDO!

OH, RIGHT. CAN'T
SAY HELLO, CAN
YOU? OR ANYTHING
ELSE FOR THAT
MATTER. DON'T
I FEEL LIKE A
SILLY GIT.

NOT
THAT I'M NOT
OVERJOYED TO SEE
YOU--ALL RIGHT,
CONFESSION, I'M
NOT--BUT WHAT
THE HELL ARE YOU
DOIN' HERE?



XERXES...
YOUR MASTER
COMES.
PREPARE FOR
MY ARRIVAL.

HELLO. PAY
ATTENTION, RUDE BUGGER,
AREN'T YOU? I WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING IN
MY TOWN.



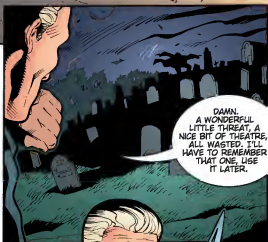


SHOULD'VE RIPPED
THAT NASTY BIT O'
BUSINESS OFF YOUR
FACE A HUNDRED
YEARS AGO.



WELL, NOW,
THAT WAS JUST
UNCALLED
FOR.

NOT TO
WORRY, THOUGH.
I'LL HAVE ANSWERS
IF I HAVE TO DRINK
THEM FROM YOUR
HOLLOWED
SKULL, YOU--



DAMN.
A WONDERFUL
LITTLE THREAT, A
NICE BIT OF THEATRE,
ALL WASTED. I'LL
HAVE TO REMEMBER
THAT ONE, USE
IT LATER.



JAX.

SORRY
TO SEE YOU
COME TO SUCH
AN END. YOU WERE
A GOOD SORT OF
DEMON. ALWAYS HAD
THE BEST PRICES. LET
ME RUN A TAB. I'LL
HAVE REVENGE
FOR YOU,
MATE.



MEANTIME,
YOU WON'T
BE MISSIN'
THESE.



GUESS THERE WERENT ANY QUESTIONS ON VICTORIAN DEATH CULTS OR THE BEST MEDIEVAL WAR-HAMMERS?

NOT A ONE.



WOW. COLLEGE IS BRUTAL...

NO ARGUMENT THERE, BUT ISN'T THAT THE NORM? I COULD HAVE DONE MUCH BETTER ON THAT EXAM.



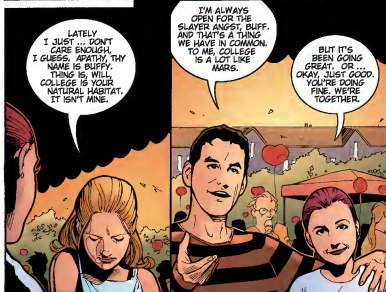
NOT TO BE, Y'KNOW, A WISEGIRL OR ANYTHING, BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU?



LATELY I JUST ... DON'T CARE ENOUGH, I GUESS. APATHY, THY NAME IS BUFFY. THING IS, WILL, COLLEGE IS YOUR NATURAL HABITAT. IT ISN'T MINE.

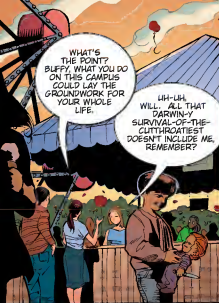
I'M ALWAYS OPEN FOR THE SLAYER ANGST, BUFF. AND THAT'S A THING WE HAVE IN COMMON. TO ME, COLLEGE IS A LOT LIKE MARS.

BUT IT'S BEEN GOING GREAT. OR ... OKAY, JUST GOOD. YOU'RE DOING FINE. WE'RE TOGETHER.



YEAH, IT'S BEEN INTERESTING. BUT REALLY, WHAT'S THE POINT?





WHAT'S THE POINT? BUFFY, WHAT DO YOU ON THIS CAMPUS COULD LAY THE GROUNDWORK FOR YOUR WHOLE LIFE.

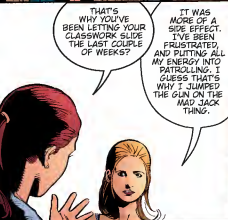
UH-UH, WILL... ALL THAT DARWIN-Y SURVIVAL-OF-THE-CUTTHROATIST DOESN'T INCLUDE ME, REMEMBER?



OOO-KAY. I SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING. WHAT'S THE POINT OF PLANNING FOR A FUTURE YOU'LL NEVER HAVE, RIGHT? IS THAT WHY YOU'VE BEEN SO EXTRA GUNG-HO WITH THE SLAYING LATELY?



A LITTLE LOUDER, XAND. I DON'T THINK ALL OF THE LITTLE SADISTS PLAYING MAKE-THE-CLOWN'S-HEAD-EXPLODE HEARD YOU.



THAT'S WHY YOU'VE BEEN LETTING YOUR CLASSWORK SLIDE THE LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS?

IT WAS MORE OF A SIDE EFFECT. I'VE BEEN FRUSTRATED, AND PUTTING ALL MY ENERGY INTO PATROLLING. I GUESS THAT'S WHY I JUMPED THE GUN ON THE MAD JACK THING.



BUFFY, I THOUGHT HALF THE POINT OF YOU GOING TO COLLEGE WAS TO PROVE THAT THERE IS SOMETHING TO LIFE BESIDES BEING THE SLAYER. THAT YOU CAN HAVE MORE.



IT WAS. BUT I'M NOT SURE THAT'S TRUE ANYMORE. THIS IS MY CAREER, GUYS. IT DOESN'T COME WITH A RETIREMENT PLAN 'CAUSE THERE IS NO RETIREMENT.

I HAVEN'T FELT THIS LOST... THIS SCATTERED IN A LONG TIME. NOT SINCE... ANGEL LEFT.

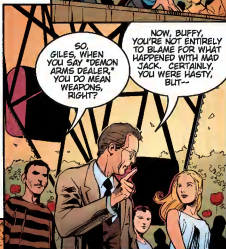
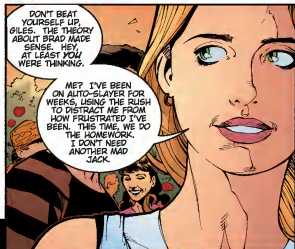


WE COULD MAINLINE SOME MOCHACCINOS. THAT ALWAYS MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER.

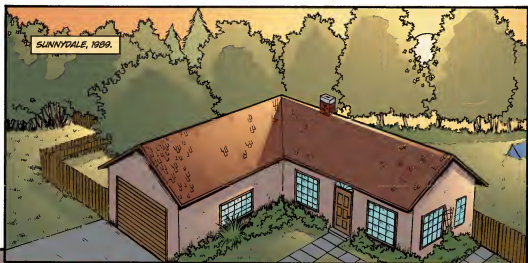


THAT MAKES ME HYPER, WILL. IT'S NOT THE SAME.

I HAVE TO FOCUS AGAIN. GET BACK ON TRACK WITH CLASSES AND EVERYTHING. I JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO DO THAT BEFORE I REALLY SCREW SOMETHING UP.



SUNNYDALE, 1989.



THANKS,
MOM.

JUST KEEP
IT DOWN OUT
THERE, XANDER.
I DON'T WANT
THE NEIGHBORS
CALLING.

HEY,
WILLOW,
OPEN UP!



XANDER,
MAYBE THIS
ISN'T THE BEST IDEA.
YOU SAW THE
NEWSPAPER THING
ABOUT THAT
MAD JACK GUY.

AW, COME ON,
WILL. YOU THINK MY
MOM WOULD LET US
CAMP OUT HERE
IF IT WASN'T
SAFE?



BESIDES,
YOU TOLD ME YOURSELF
YOUR MOTHER SAID
MAD JACK DIDN'T EXIST.
HE'S LIKE BIGFOOT
OR THE BOGEYMAN
OR SOMETHING,
RIGHT?

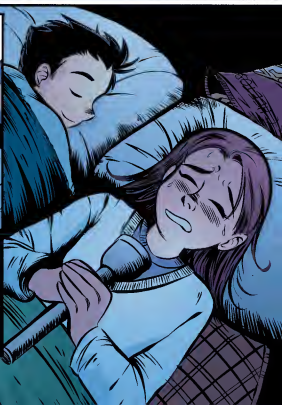
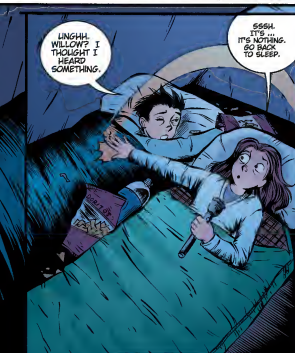
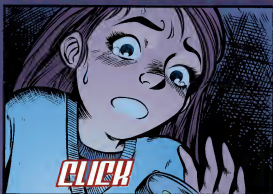
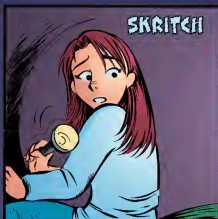
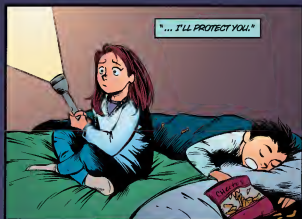
WELL,
YEAH ...

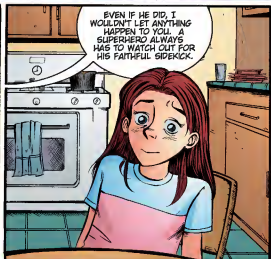
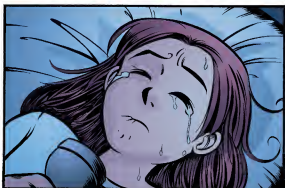


... BUT SHE ALSO SAID
THE PEOPLE WHO SAID
THEY SAW HIM MIGHT
HAVE SEEN SOME
ESCAPED LUNATIC
OR SOMETHING.

DON'T
BE SCARED,
WILL. IF THE
BOGEYMAN
SHOWS
UP ...









ALL I COULD THINK OF WAS MY MOTHER SAYING IF YOU RAN INTO A BEAR IN THE WILDERNESS YOU SHOULD PLAY DEAD.

I GUESS I CONVINCED MYSELF IT WAS A BEAR. SOME OTHER SIGHTINGS THAT YEAR MADE THE NEWS ...



... BUT EVERYBODY SAID IT WAS A HOAX. THEN HE WENT INTO HIBERNATION, OR WHATEVER, AND THE STORIES STOPPED. OVER TIME, I GUESS I SORT OF BLOCKED IT OUT.

UNTIL ALL THIS.



SO, YOU SAVED MY LIFE WHEN WE WERE EIGHT YEARS OLD, BUT DIDN'T BOTHER TO MENTION IT.

YOU HAD THAT WHOLE SUPERHERO THING HAPPENING. I DIDN'T WANT TO BREAK UP THE DYNAMIC DUO.



SO WE'RE THE SUPERFRIENDS NOW? GREAT. LISTEN, I'M NOT GOING TO BE MISS TERRITORIAL BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE IS KILLING DEMONS IN MY TOWN.

BUT OUR NEWLY ARRIVED MONSTER MASTER ALSO KILLED BRAD CAULFIELD, WHICH WAS A BIG NO-NO. WE'RE GONNA FIND THIS GUY, CLARIFY THE RULES FOR HIM. VIOLENTLY.



BEFORE WE DO THAT, THOUGH, I WANT TO POKE AROUND MAD JACK'S LAIR.

GILES, YOU AND XANDER COME WITH ME. MAKE SURE THE LITTLE JUMP-THE-GUN DEMON DOESN'T POSSESS ME AGAIN. WILLLOW, IF YOU COULD--



I DON'T THINK SO. DID YOU NOT LISTEN TO A WORD I JUST SAID? GILES STARTED THE RESEARCH, HE CAN CONTINUE IT, RIGHT? IT MAKES MORE SENSE FOR ME TO GO WITH YOU.

I STOPPED BEING GILLIGAN TO XANDER'S SKIPPER A LONG TIME AGO. I'M JUST ME, NOW, AND I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.



OF COURSE YOU CAN, WILLLOW. YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF DOZENS OF TIMES. IT'S ONLY THAT--

YOU'VE ALREADY STARTED THE RESEARCH, GILES. LOOK INTO MAD JACK, YEAH, BUT CHECK OUT THE DEMON HUNTER'S M.O., TOO. OH, AND GILES ...



* ... WE NEED
YOUR CAR.*

OKAY, IF MAD JACK'S
DEAD, WHO'S BEEN
MAKING LUNCHIES OUT
OF CLUTE FORESTY
CRITTERS?



AND FOR
THAT MATTER,
IF MAD JACK'S
DEAD ...



... WHERE'S
THE BODY? I
SURE DIDN'T
TAKE IT WITH
ME.

GOTTA SAY,
MAMA BEAR, I
THINK GOLDILOCKS
BROKE IN AND
TRASHED THE
PLACE AGAIN.

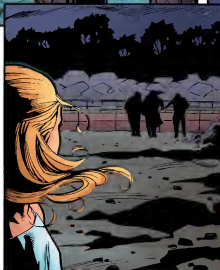


THAT
GIRL'S
GETTING TO
BE A REAL
NUISANCE.

SO, I TAKE
IT WE MOVE
ON TO PLAN B?
FIND THE
BRAIN-SUCKER?

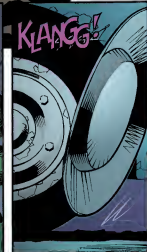


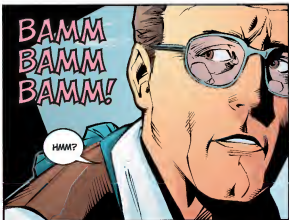
UH,
GUYS?



HEY, YOU GUYS
MISS THE VAMPIRE
SCHOOL BUS OR
SOMETHING?









NICKEL FOR YOUR OBVIOUSLY GLOOMY THOUGHTS, BUFF.

YOU'VE HEARD THEM. HALF OF ME IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO FISH MY HISTORY GRADE OUT OF THE TOILET, AND THE OTHER HALF IS WONDERING WHY I CARE.

SOMETIMES ALL THE STRESS ABOUT GRADES AND MAJORS AND WANTING PROFESSORS TO LIKE ME SEEMS SO COMPLETELY POINTLESS. MAYBE I'M JUST FOOLING MYSELF.



YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T TRUE, BUFFY. FINDING A WAY TO HAVE A NORMAL LIFE DURING THE DAY IS THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE THE HELL YOU GO THROUGH EVERY NIGHT ENDURABLE.

YOU'LL ADJUST TO COLLEGE. GIVE IT TIME.



I KNOW, WILL. I'LL GET RIGHT ON THE ADJUSTING THING AS SOON AS I FIGURE OUT WHY MR. BRAIN-SUCKY IS KILLING THE LOCAL SUPERNATURAL TALENT. I--



--XANDER, WEREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO MEET ANYA AT THE BRONZE?

OH, MAN, YEAH. SHE'S GONNA KILL ME.



"LET'S HOPE SHE GETS THE CHANCE. DRIVE."



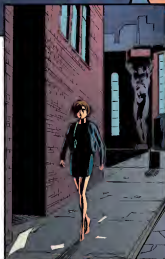
THERE MUST BE VENGEANCE. AND YET EVEN IF I WAS STILL CAPABLE OF CAUSING BOILS OR LESIONS, I WOULD BE CURIOUSLY HESITANT TO MAR HIS BODY.

POPULAR CULTURE SUGGESTS THE WITHHOLDING OF SEX AS PUNISHMENT, BUT THAT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. I WOULD THEN ALSO BE PUNISHED.



EVEN WITH THE LURE OF THE SEX, MEN ARE UNRELIABLE.

UM, YEAH. WELL, YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT, THEN, NICE TALKING TO YA.





I'D SAY
HE LOOKS
PRETTY
BRAIN-SUCKY.



UMPHH!

C'MERE
YOU.

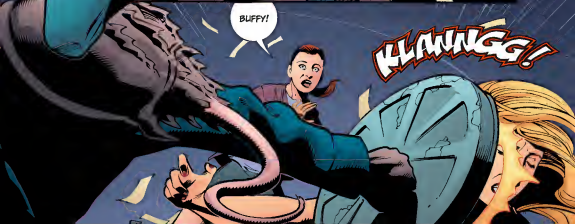
KILLING DEMONS AND
VAMPS WAS FINE.
BUT BRAD CALIFIELD
WASN'T A DEMON,
AND NEITHER
IS ANYA
... ANYMORE.



I WANT
TO KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON, AND
YOU'RE GOING TO
--YOU DON'T
HAVE A MOUTH, DO
YOU? ALL RIGHT,
I GUESS YOU
CAN'T TALK.



BUT I'LL
BET
YOU CAN
BLEED.



BUFFY!

KLAWNGG!



YOU WERE VERY
MANLY, COMING TO
RESCUE ME.
THREATENING THAT
DEMON. I'M VERY
AROUSED.

YOUR
TIMING IS WEIRD,
BUT I CAN LIVE
WITH THAT. DOES
THAT MEAN YOU
WON'T HURT ME
FOR BEING
LATE?



ONLY IN
THE GOOD
WAY.



THE DEMON
TOOK OFF.
BUFFY,
SHOULD WE
GO AFTER
HIM?

I
THINK
IT'S TOO
LATE FOR
THAT ...



... UNLESS
XANDER IS
REALLY SPIDER-MAN,
AND JUST HASN'T
TOLD US
YET.



NOW THERE'S
SOMETHING YOU
DON'T SEE
EVERY DAY.

ALL RIGHT, ONE DEMON AT A TIME. FIRST, OUR KILLER. I SEARCHED EARLIER, BUT HAD NO LUCK. THERE ARE JUST SO MANY BRAIN-SUCKING DEMONS.

NOW THAT WE HAVE A DESCRIPTION, THOUGH ...



WHAT I DON'T GET IS, IF HE WAS JUST HERE HUNTING DEMONS AND VAMPIRES, WHY KILL BRAD? WHY GO ALL STALKERY OVER ANY?



ONCE, I WOULD HAVE TURNED HIS VIGERA INTO MAGGOTS, BEING HUMAN AGAIN IS SO ... LIMITING.



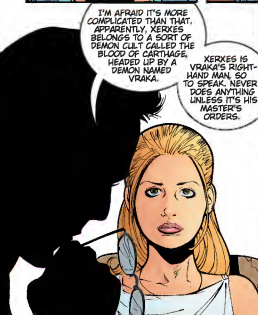
HEY, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW. BESIDES, LOOKS LIKE THE ACTUAL DEMONS DIDN'T DO MUCH BETTER.

THAT'S NOT EXACTLY FAIR. HE JUMPED ME FROM BEHIND, WHILE I WAS ... RUNNING AWAY.



HERE YOU ARE. THERE'S YOUR KILLER.

"KEXKES THE BLIND"? WAY TO STATE THE OBVIOUS. NOW WE JUST HAVE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE'S DOING HERE.



I'M AFRAID IT'S MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT. APPARENTLY, KEXKES BELONGS TO A SORT OF DEMON CLUT CALLED THE BLOOD OF CARTHAGE, HEADED UP BY A DEMON NAMED VRAKA.

KEXKES IS VRAKA'S RIGHT-HAND MAN, SO TO SPEAK. NEVER DOES ANYTHING UNLESS IT'S HIS MASTER'S ORDERS.



THE QUESTION IS, OF COURSE, WHAT DO THE BLOOD OF CARTHAGE WANT WITH SUNNYDALE, AND IS IT CONNECTED TO THIS KY-LAAG THE VAMPIRES MENTIONED?

TOO BAD WE CAN'T ASK THE PEOPLE OUR NO-FACE DEMON HAS ALREADY KILLED.



WHO SAYS WE CAN'T?

SPIRITS OF THE ETHER, BEAR MY VOICE ALONG THE PATHS OF THE DEAD. WHISPER MY MESSAGE TO EVERY LOST SOUL AND WANDERER. I SEEK THE COUNSEL OF LUCY HANOVER.

SHE WHO HOLDS HIGH THE LANTERN TO LIGHT YOUR PATH. LUCY, DO THE LOST ONES BRING MY VOICE TO YOU?



I WANT TO BE ON RECORD AS HAVING OPPOSED THIS. CALLING ON THE SPIRITS OF THE DEAD IS A TRICKY BUSINESS ...

SO YOU'VE SAID A DOZEN TIMES, GILES. WILLOW'S DONE THIS BEFORE AND WE CAN USE ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.



LUCY. HEY.



GREETINGS, FRIEND WILLOW, AND TO YOU, BUFFY SUMMERS. DARK FORCES ARE AT WORK, THOUGH I DON'T DOUBT YOU KNOW THAT ALREADY.

SOMETHING SLEEPS BENEATH SUNNYSIDE, A DEMON OF ENORMOUS INFERNAL POWER.



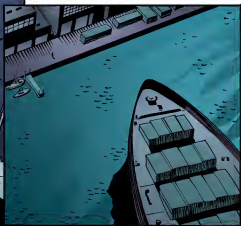
WHO'S THE GHOST?

LUCY HANOVER, 19TH CENTURY SLAYER. SHE WORKS WITH LOST SOULS NOW, HELPING THEM FIND THEIR WAY. CRUISE DIRECTOR TO THE SPIRIT WORLD, OR SOMETHING.

THE SPIRITS WHISPER IN FEAR NOW. FOR THE SLEEPER AWAKENS, AND CRIES OUT FOR VENGEANCE.

IT IS CALLED KY-LAAG.





OH, HELL.

VRUKA,
OLD BOO, NEVER
THOUGHT I'D SEE
YOU AGAIN.

FAITHFUL
XERKES. KNOW
THAT I DO NOT
BLAME YOU FOR
WHAT HAS COME
TO PASS.

IT IS NOT
YOUR FAULT
THAT THE
KY-LAAG HAS
BEEN
DISTURBED.



THE
FAULT LIES
WITH THE
SLAYER.

BRING
ME HER
HEAD.

"THE SPIRITS KNOW ONLY WHAT THEY HAVE HEARD ALONG THE GHOST ROADS. OF THE DEMON IN THE QUARRY, THEY HAVE TOLD ME ONLY THIS ...

"IT IS CALLED KY-LAAG, AND IT HAS BEEN TRAPPED THERE, FAR BENEATH THE ROCK, FOR CENTURIES, WEAKENED YET FILLED WITH HATE.

"TO CONSERVE ITS STRENGTH, IT SLEEPS FOR TEN YEARS AT A STRETCH, WAKING EACH DECADE TO CALL OUT TO ANY WHO WILL LISTEN, WHO ARE ATTUNED.

"WHISPERING INTO DARK SOULS AND WEAK MINDS, SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE TO SET IT FREE.

"IT IS AN ANCIENT THING, A TRUE DEMON, AND IT YEARNs FOR THE CHAOS AND THE FIRE AND THE FURY OF OLD. IF IT WALKS FREE, DEVASTATION WILL FOLLOW."

THE SPIRITS CANNOT SAY HOW IT CAME TO BE THERE, BUT THEY DO KNOW THIS-- THERE WAS A GUARDIAN, A MONSTER WHO STOOD SENTINEL OVER KY-LAAG.

LUCY HANOVER, ONCE THE SLAYER, SHE HAS BEEN DEAD FOR A CENTURY AND A HALF. SHE WANDERS THE AFTERLIFE, GUIDING LOST SOULS TO THEIR REWARD.

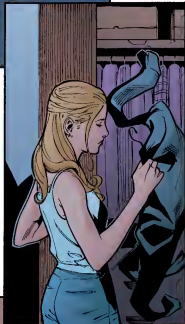
THE GUARDIAN IS DEAD NOW.

BUFFY KILLED HIM.



MAD JACK.
YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT
MAD JACK.

ALL OF
THIS REALLY
IS MY
FAULT.

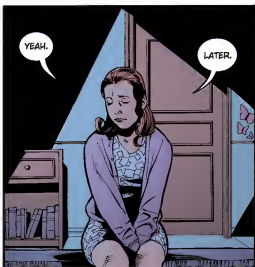
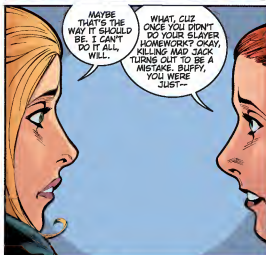


HEY.

HEY.

YOU SKIPPED
CLASS. EVERYTHING
OKAY, OR IS THERE
SOMETHING OF THE
SCOOPY VARIETY
GOING ON?







"IT'S AN OLD GRUDGE,
VENICE, A CENTURY AGO."



MY DARK HEART
SWELLS TO SEE YOU
ALL GATHERED HERE,
MY FRIENDS, THE
BLOOD OF
CARTHAGE.

FOR YEARS WE
HAVE FOUGHT FOR
CONTROL OF THIS CITY.
THE ASTRIDES ARE
POWERFUL ENEMIES,
AND MUCH BLOOD
HAS BEEN
LOST.



NO MORE. THE
BATTLE IS OVER,
WITH THE SPELLS
OF HAMMURABI
IN OUR
HANDS--



NO.





"THE UGLY BLOKES GOT ME GIRL. SEE, AND I MEAN TO HAVE HER BACK."



MY, MY, WHAT A LOVELY THING YOU ARE.



THE STARS ARE HIDING, AND I THINK THERE'LL BE RAIN. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME IN HERE. SOMEONE'S GOING TO SCREAM.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, PRETTY. YOU CAN SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE.



YAAARRR! GET HER OFF ME! GET HER--

HURRRK!

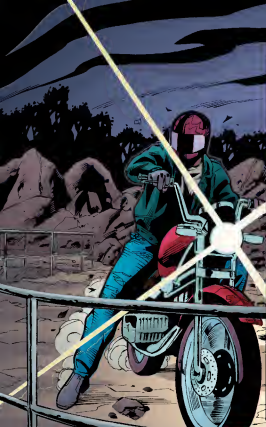


KRAKKK



IT'S JUST LIKE A LULLABY. AND IT ISN'T OVER YET.





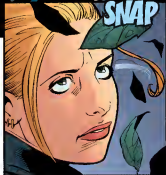




I READ
SOMEWHERE TWINS
DON'T LIKE BEING
SEPARATED. GUESS
IT'S TIME YOU
JOIN YOUR
SISTER.

YOU ARE
MISTAKEN,
SLAYER. IT'S
YOUR TURN
TO DIE.

BIG
TALK FOR
ONE HALF OF
A PAIR.

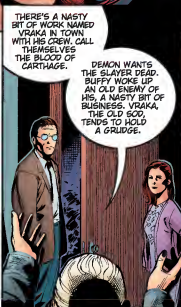


SNAP



THAT'S IT,
XERKES.
GIVE XILI TIME
TO GET TO
SAFETY, THEN
WITHDRAW.

ONCE
YOU HAVE
TOUCHED THE
SLAYER, WE'LL BE
ABLE TO FIND HER
WHEREVER SHE GOES.
WE'LL TAKE HER
TOGETHER. LEAVE
NO ROOM FOR
ERROR.



COULD BE. POINT IS THIS--LAST TIME I SAW 'IM, VRAKA HAD A BLOODY ARMY AT HIS DISPOSAL. FROM WHAT I SAW, HE'S DOWN TO THE A-TEAM.

IF THIS KY-LAAG'S AS BAD AS I'VE BEEN TOLD, HE'LL SNAP VRAKA'S BOYS LIKE KINDLING, AND THE SLAYER WON'T FARE MUCH BETTER.



YOU'RE REALLY A GLASS-HALF-EMPTY KINDA GUY, AREN'T YOU, SPIKE? YOU GONNA TRY SWAN DIVING ONTO A BROKEN CHAIR LEG AGAIN, MR. MOPEY?



LISTEN UP, YOU LITTLE TWIT. WHAT I'M SAYING IS AN ALLIANCE COULD BE THE ONLY CHANCE FOR ALL OF US.



YEAH, ESPECIALLY FOR --

UHHFFF!

THUDD!



THIS SEEMS TO BE THE NIGHT FOR UNINVITED GUESTS.

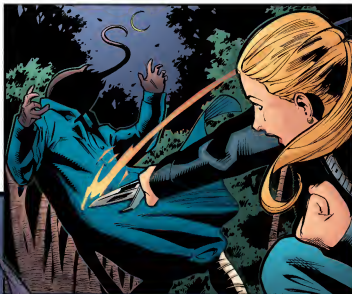
YOU. SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'RE SPIKE.

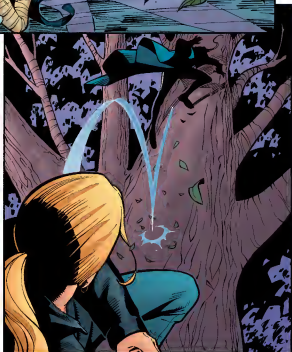
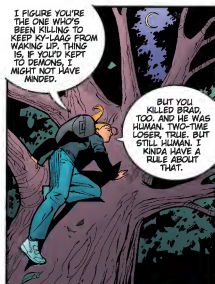
AWWW, WHAT GAVE ME AWAY.



XANDER!













VRAKA WANTS THE SLAYER. IT'D BE SIMPLE TO TORTURE THE TRUTH FROM THESE MORTALS ...



BUT MY LORD AND MASTER HAS A VENDETTA AGAINST YOU, SPIKE. SO YER GONNA TELL ME WHERE TO FIND THE SLAYER, AND THEN I'M GONNA KILL YOU.



I GUESS WE CAN'T JUST STAND HERE AND LET SPIKE GET KILLED.

PARTICULARLY WHEN HE HAS INFORMATION WE SORELY NEED.

COULDN'T WE WATCH A LITTLE LONGER? SOMETIMES TWO MEN BRUTALIZING ONE ANOTHER CAN BE VERY AROUSING.



NO IDEA WHERE THE LITTLE TROLLOP IS, HONESTLY.

BUT BRING IT ON, STUMPY. YOU'RE TAKIN' ON THE BIG BAD HERE. IT AIN'T BLOODY PLAYTIME.

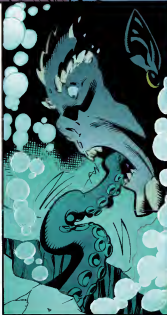


HARRRR!











YOU
HAVE GOT
TO BE
KIDDING ME.



ON THE CONTRARY,
BUFFY, GIVEN THE
GRAVITY OF OUR
SITUATION, I THINK
SPIKE'S SUGGESTION
IS QUITE REASONABLE.
BETTER THE DEVIL
YOU KNOW, AS
THEY SAY.



OR IN THIS
INSTANCE, BETTER
THE DEMON WHO JUST
WANTS TO KILL YOU
THAN THE ONE
LIKELY TO DESTROY
THE ENTIRE STATE
OF CALIFORNIA.



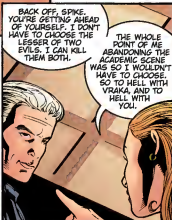
WHICH BRINGS UP
A VALID POINT. HOW
DO WE GET THIS GUY
TO REALIZE WE'RE ALL
ON THE SAME PAGE
WHEN WE DON'T
EVEN KNOW
WHERE HE IS?

OH, I
THINK WE
CAN FIND
HIM.



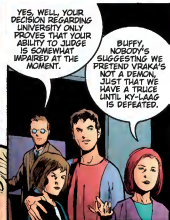
NOT LONG AGO, I
WAS TIED TO THAT
VERY CHAIR AND
USED FOR TARGET
PRACTICE WITH SHARP
OBJECTS. I SUPPOSE
IT WAS FUNNY TO
ANYONE WHO
WASN'T ME.

SHALL WE
FIND OUT, HIRAM?
JUST FOR MY
AMUSEMENT.
OR WILL YOU
COOPERATE LIKE
A FRIENDLY
DWARF?



BACK OFF, SPIKE.
YOU'RE GETTING
AHEAD
OF YOURSELF. I DON'T
HAVE TO CHOOSE THE
LESSER OF TWO
EVILS. I CAN KILL
THEM BOTH.

THE WHOLE
POINT OF ME
ABANDONING THE
ACADEMIC SCENE
WAS SO I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO CHOOSE.
SO TO HELL WITH
VRAKA, AND TO
HELL WITH
YOU.



YES, WELL, YOUR
DECISION REGARDING
UNIVERSITY ONLY
PROVES THAT YOUR
ABILITY TO JUDGE
IS SOMEWHAT
IMPAIRED AT THE
MOMENT.

BUFFY,
NOBODY'S
SUGGESTING WE
PRETEND VRAKA'S
NOT A DEMON.
JUST THAT WE
HAVE A TRUCE
UNTIL KY-LAAG
IS DEFEATED.



AFTER THAT, YOU CAN
SLAY ANYTHING YOU
WANT TO. BUT IT WOULD
BE EASIER TO FOCUS IF
YOU WEREN'T BEING
HUNTED BY DEMON
ASSASSINS.

KNOW WHAT? BEFORE
WE EVEN GET THAT FAR,
I'D LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT SPIKE'S HISTORY IS
WITH THESE GUYS. WHY
ARE YOU HELPING,
BLEACH-BOY?



CERTAINLY
NOT OUT OF
THE EVILNESS OF
MY HEART. VRAKA'S
HAD A MAD-ON
FOR ME FOR A
HUNDRED
YEARS.

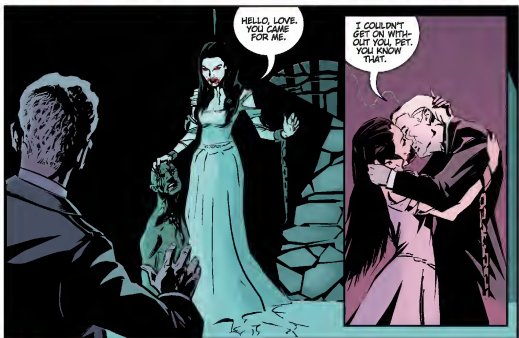
IT'S ALL
ABOUT THIS
BOOK,
SEE ...

"THIS WAS THE END OF THE 19TH CENTURY. ME AN' DRU WERE KNOCKING ABOUT IN VENICE, RAN AFOWL OF A SECT OF ASTRIDES DEMONS. THEY SNATCHED HER.

"BLOOD OF CARTHAGE WERE FEUDING WITH THE ASTRIDES OVER THE CITY. I TOLD VRAKA IF HE HELPED ME, I'D GET HIM BACK THE SPELLS OF HAMMURABI, A BOOK THAT'D GONE MISSING."

WHAT WAS THAT?
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

"WHAT A BLOODY MESS THAT WAS."







COURSE I NEVER HAD THE BOOK TO BEGIN WITH, BUT I KNEW WHO STOLE IT. WE GOT OUT OF VENICE RIGHT QUICK AFTER THAT ONE.



AND YOU HONESTLY THINK VRAKA WOULD BE WILLING TO MAKE A TRUCE WITH YOU? HE PROBABLY HATES YOU MORE THAN HE DOES BUFFY.

POSSIBLE. I SUPPOSE THAT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW BADLY HE WANTS TO STOP THIS KY-LAAG.

SO WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH KY-LAAG? WHY WOULD VRAKA PLAY PRISON WARDEN ALL THESE YEARS?



GOT ME, GIRLY. YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN WITH THAT ONE.



I KNOW YOU'RE AGAINST IT, BUFFY, BUT PERHAPS SPIKE ISN'T AS MAD AS HE SEEMS. IT DOES SEEM THAT VRAKA'S PRIMARY GOAL IS THE SAME AS OUR OWN.

THAT WOULD BE STOPPING KY-LAAG OF COURSE, RATHER THAN THE GOAL THAT INVOLVES KILLING BUFFY.



OKAY, LOOK, SPIKE'S A LIAR AND A KILLER, AND, OKAY, VAMPIRE, BUT HE DOES HAVE A POINT. WILLOW AND GILES FOUND THAT SPELL TO REBIND KY-LAAG ...

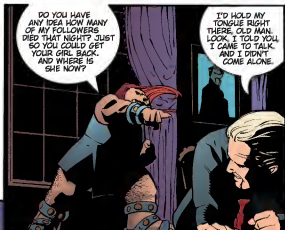
WHICH, LET'S NOT FORGET, REQUIRES SOME ELEMENTS I'LL NEED EVERYONE'S HELP GATHERING. KINDA HARD TO FOCUS ON THAT WHILE BEING HUNTED.

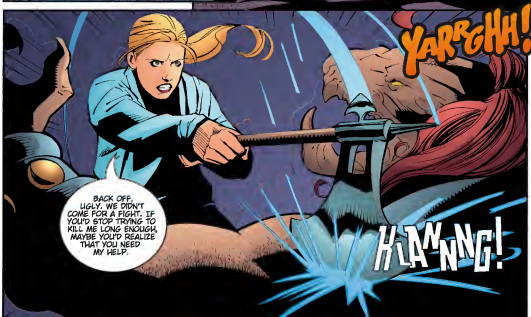


ALL RIGHT, POINT VERY TAKEN. I'M ON BOARD WITH THE TRUCE IDEA. NOW THAT I KNOW JUST TALKING TO THIS DEMON COULD COST SPIKE HIS LIFE, IT'S GOT A LOT MORE APPEAL.

NOW, HERE'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO ...









BLOOD FOR BLOOD, SLAYER!

HOW DID I KNOW COOPERATION WASN'T YOUR MIDDLE NAME?



SHUT YOUR MOUTH, GIRL, AND COME HERE!

YOU THINK I NEED YOUR HELP?



YOU KILLED MY PET SCPIO, GIRL. YOU SET EVENTS IN MOTION THAT COULD FREE THE SCOURGE OF SEVEN HELLS. AND STILL YOU JOKE.



LET GO! LISTEN TO ME ... HRRRKK ... I'M NOT FEELING WARM AND FUZZY ABOUT YOU EITHER, BUT THINK!



YOU CAN'T DO IT ALONE. MAYBE NEITHER CAN I. I CAME TO MAKE A ... HRRRKK ... TRUCE ... LINGSHFFF ... WHY WOULD I HAVE LET HIRAM LIVE OTHERWISE?



DAMN IT! I SAID ... LET ... GO!



IMPRESSIVE.



NEW
YORK CITY.
THE BIG
APPLE.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE I'M GOING
TO NEW YORK. OKAY,
IT'S FOR, Y'KNOW,
HOURS, AND I WON'T
BE ABLE TO DO
ANYTHING COOL,
BUT ...
NEW YORK!

YES, WELL,
IT'S NICE THAT
YOU'RE SO EXCITED,
WILLOW. I'M AFRAID I'LL
HAVE TO CONTAIN MY
ENTHUSIASM UNTIL
WE'VE COMPLETED
OUR MISSION.

ARE YOU A
REAL-LIFE HOOLIGAN,
MISTER? LIKE THE TOYS?
I'VE GOT SEVENTEEN
OF 'EM AT HOME, BUT
THEY DON'T MAKE
'EM NO MORE.

TELL
ME AGAIN
WHY WE HAD
TO BRING
HIM?

WE HAVE, FOR
THE MOMENT,
AGREED TO ALLY
OURSELVES WITH THE
BLOOD OF CARTHAGE.
VRAKA WANTED ONE
OF HIS PEOPLE
ALONG. HE'S A BIT
CONSPICUOUS,
BUT MIGHT PROVE
USEFUL.

COME ON,
MISTER? ARE YOU
A HOOLIGAN. A
REAL ONE? YOU
SURE LOOK
LIKE ONE.

HIRRRMM.

... SO WE'RE
GOING THROUGH
THE KAMA SUTRA,
TRYING ALL THE POSITIONS,
BUT WE ONLY GOT TO
PAGE SEVENTY-TWO
BEFORE HE
COLLAPSED.

AT FIRST, I
THOUGHT IT WAS ME.
THAT DESPITE THE
DOZENS OF VARIATIONS
AND MY WILLINGNESS
TO DUPLICATE
ANYTHING WE'VE
SEEN ON
TAPE ...

... THAT,
SOMEHOW,
XANDER NO
LONGER
ENJOYED SEX
WITH ME.

NOW, THOUGH,
I REALIZE THAT IT'S
HIM. APPARENTLY IF
WE HAVE THE SEX TOO
OFTEN I COULD BREAK
HIM. I WAS RELIEVED,
BUT ALSO
DISAPPOINTED.

Y'KNOW,
IT'S NICE OUT
HERE, BUT I CAN'T
BELIEVE YOU'VE
SPENT ALL THIS
TIME ON GUARD
DUTY WITH NO ONE
TO TALK TO.
HOW LONELY.



TWO DEMON
HEARTS. SIMPLE
ENOUGH.

NOT SO
FAST.



DON'T TEST
MY PATIENCE,
SLAYER.

WE CAN'T
JUST GO IN AND
KILL THEM. NOT
ALL DEMONS ARE
BAD. YOU HAVE TO
WAIT FOR THEM TO
DO SOMETHING
EVIL-ISH.

ALL RIGHT.
WE WILL DO
THIS ON YOUR TERMS
FOR NOW. BUT WHEN
KY-LAAG IS CONTAINED,
THERE WILL BE A
RECKONING.

COUNT
ON IT.

"SEE, VRAKA, THE TRUCE THING WASN'T MY
IDEA. WORKING WITH YOU? IT CLASHES
WITH MY BRIGHT AND SHINY NEW
OUTLOOK ON SLAYING."

AND DON'T
COME BACK! NOT
UNTIL YOU PAY
YOUR TAB,
ANYWAY.

SO YOU JUST
KEEP YOUR
DISTANCE, AND
KEEP YOUR
HANDS WHERE
I CAN SEE
THEM.

AS LONG
AS YOU DO
THE SAME.



WOW, YOU TWO MUST BE NEW IN TOWN. ONLY NEWBIES AND MORONS WALK THROUGH HAMMERSMITH PARK AFTER DARK.



SO WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?



DESPITE YOUR FOOLISH HESITATIONS, WE HAVE THE HEARTS WE NEED.

PATIENCE. IT'S A VIRTUE.







NEW YORK CITY. THE BUILDING IS OWNED BY THE COUNCIL OF WATCHERS. IT IS A WAY STATION OF SORTS FOR MANY OF THEIR OPERATIONS IN NORTH AMERICA.



RUPERT. I TOLD YOU NOT TO COME HERE. I CAN'T HELP.

LOOK, ALLAN, AT LEAST OFFER ME A CUP OF TEA AND A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN. YOU OWE ME THAT MUCH.



IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, RUPERT. AND I KNOW THAT I OWE YOU. BUT YOU'RE NOT A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL ANYMORE.

I CANNOT LET YOU HAVE THE EYE OF PERSIA, EVEN ON LOAN.



I'M TRULY SORRY IT WAS TO COME TO THIS. I THANK YOU FOR THE TEA, ALLAN, HOWEVER ...



... DO IT NOW!

KRACKKK!!!





THE COUNCIL
WILL HAVE HIM
TERMINATED
FOR THIS.

EVEN IF HE
RETURNS THE
AMULET, THERE WILL
BE REPERCUSSIONS*
FROM THIS ...



"... THOUGH HE WOULDN'T HAVE LET THE
LITTLE TROLL KILL ME. NOT RUPERT."



"OLD RIPPER YOU MEAN? ARE YOU CERTAIN?
AFTER THIS, I DON'T THINK I KNOW HIM AT
ALL. OR IF I EVER DID."



WHAT IS
THAT? DIDN'T
I DO THE SPELL
RIGHT?

YOU DID THE
SPELL PERFECTLY
FINE. SAVED US FROM
THE DAGGERS OF
KHARTLIN, AMONG OTHER
THINGS. THAT SOUND
IS A TRADITIONAL
BURGLAR
ALARM.



DAMN ME
FOR NOT
THINKING
OF IT.



THE OTHER
HUMANS IN THERE
SEEMED TO THINK
YOU WOULD SUFFER
FOR HAVING
DONE THIS.

DID THEY?
DOUBTLESS THEY'RE
RIGHT. BUT THAT'S A
PROBLEM FOR ANOTHER
DAY. FOR THE MOMENT,
WE MUST HURRY TO
CATCH OUR FLIGHT
BACK TO ...



"... SLIMNYDALE."

IT IS TOO QUIET, XILU. YOU'RE CERTAIN THERE HAVE BEEN NO ... VISITORS?



NEITHER DEMON NOR VAMPIRE NOR HUMAN HAS APPROACHED THE QUARRY SINCE I ARRIVED HERE, LORD VRAGA.

THAT IS VERY PECULIAR.



WE'RE ALL A BIT FIDGETY ABOUT NOW, XERKES. BAD TIME TO START WITH ME. PICK A FIGHT, BREAK THE TRUCE BEFORE THE RITUAL'S COMPLETE.

YOU HEALED UP NICE AND FAST AFTER THE THRASHING THE SLAYER GAVE YOU. DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T FINISH WHAT SHE STARTED.



SOMETHING DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT, AND I THINK IT'S MORE THAN JUST THAT SLEAZY JUST-MADE-A-DEAL-WITH-A-DEMON FEELING.

HERE THEY COME.



GLAD TO SEE EVERYONE'S ALL RIGHT.

FOR THE MOMENT LET'S GET THIS DONE.

IN THE UNSPOKEN
NAMES OF THE
ELDER GODS, THE
WIND AND WATER, THE
KINGS OF ORDER, I
CALL OUT TO YOU BY
NAME, KY-LAAG,
DARK ONE.

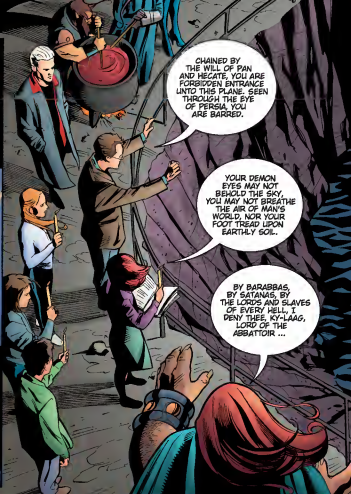
WITH THAT
NAME, I BIND
YOU. I FORBID YOU
MY BEDSTEAD, MY
COUCH, MY HOUSE
AND HOME, MY
MIND AND
THOUGHTS.



CHAINED BY
THE WILL OF PAN
AND MEGATE, YOU ARE
FORBIDDEN ENTRANCE
UNTO THIS PLANE. SEEN
THROUGH THE EYE
OF PERSIA, YOU
ARE BARRED.

YOUR DEMON
EYES MAY NOT
BEHOLD THE SKY,
YOU MAY NOT BREATHE
THE AIR OF MAN'S
WORLD, NOR YOUR
FOOT TREAD UPON
EARTHLY SOIL.

BY BARABBAS,
BY SATANAS, BY
THE LORDS AND SLAVES
OF EVERY HELL, I
DENY THEE, KY-LAAG,
LORD OF THE
ABBATOIR ...



... AS THOU
ART BURNING, LET
THESE BLACK HEARTS
BURN, THEIR CRUEL
BLOOD BINDS YOU,
WEDDING CHAOS
TO ORDER ...



... FLESH
MERGES WITH
BLOOD, FIRE WITH
WATER, PURITY AND
OFFAL MESH, AND
YOU ARE
BARRED ...





LET THE
BARRIER BE
FORGED
ANEW.



LET THE
BARRIER BE
FORGED
ANEW.



NOTHING
HAPPENED,
GILES. HOW
COME ... ?

OH, LORD, IT'S
QUITE A COMPLICATED
SPELL, MIXING BLACK AND
WHITE MAGIC LIKE THAT.
BUT IT WAS DONE
CORRECTLY. THERE'S
ONLY ONE POSSIBLE
EXPLANATION.

KY-LAAG
IS NOT
HERE.





"NICE PLACE ..."

... I'M JUST WONDERING WHERE THE ACTUAL OWNERS ARE. SOMETHING TELLS ME VRAKA DOESN'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS IN TOWN.

DON'T BE DENSE. YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE...



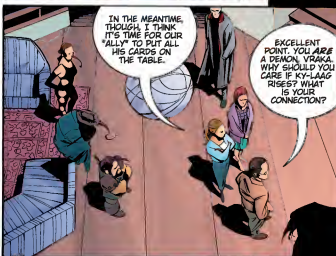
THEY'RE ON VACATION. A LONG TRIP. SAFARI OR SOMETHING.

I BELIEVE WE HAVE MORE PERTINENT QUESTIONS TO ATTEND TO.

SUCH AS, IF KY-LAAG IS NO LONGER TRAPPED BENEATH THE QUARRY, WHERE HAS HE GONE? ISN'T THAT WHAT THIS ... HUMILIATING ... "ALLIANCE" IS ALL ABOUT?

HUMILIATING. IS IT? YOU ARROGANT CREATURE, DO YOU HONESTLY THINK THIS IS EASY FOR ANY OF US, PARTICULARLY FOR BU--

IT ISN'T FOREVER, GLES. JUST FOR NOW. LOOK, WE'RE ALL TIRED AND HUNGRY. XANDER AND ANYA WILL BE BACK WITH FOOD SOON.

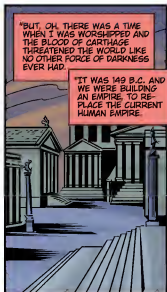


IN THE MEANTIME, THOUGH, I THINK IT'S TIME FOR OUR "ALLY" TO PUT ALL HIS CARDS ON THE TABLE.

EXCELLENT POINT. YOU ARE A DEMON, VRAKA. WHY SHOULD YOU CARE IF KY-LAAG RISES? WHAT IS YOUR CONNECTION?

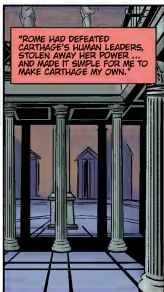
I DON'T LIKE YOUR TONE, WATCHER. BEAR IT IN MIND.

YOU SEE ME AS AN ANACHRONISM, I SUPPOSE. A BEING WHOSE TIME HAS PASSED. PERHAPS THAT IS NOT FAR FROM THE TRUTH. THE BLOOD OF CARNAGE IS NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS.



"BUT, OH, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I WAS WORSHIPPED AND THE BLOOD OF CARTHAGE THREATENED THE WORLD LIKE NO OTHER FORCE OF DARKNESS EVER HAD."

"IT WAS 149 B.C. AND WE WERE BUILDING AN EMPIRE, TO REPLACE THE CURRENT HUMAN EMPIRE."



"ROME HAD DEFEATED CARTHAGE'S HUMAN LEADERS, STOLEN AWAY HER POWER ... AND MADE IT SIMPLE FOR ME TO MAKE CARTHAGE MY OWN."



"YOU'RE CERTAIN, GENERAL? IT SEEMS ALMOST TOO FANTASTIC, CARTHAGE RULED BY ... MONSTERS."

"QUITE CERTAIN, CATO. YOUR SENATE MUST ACT BEFORE THE DEMONS' POWER SPREADS."

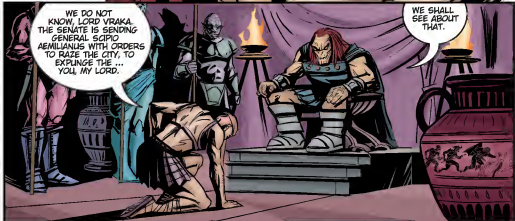


"AGREED, GENERAL. I WILL SEE TO IT. CARTHAGE MUST BE DESTROYED."

"IT WILL BE DONE, SENATOR. I SWEAR IT."



"HOW CAN THIS BE? HOW HAVE THE ROMANS DISCOVERED OUR PRESENCE SO QUICKLY?"



"WE DO NOT KNOW, LORD VRAKA. THE SENATE IS SENDING GENERAL SCIPIO AEMILIANUS WITH ORDERS TO RAZE THE CITY, TO EXPLUNGE THE ... YOU, MY LORD."

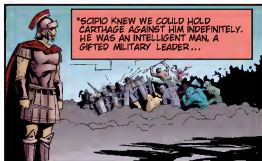
"WE SHALL SEE ABOUT THAT."



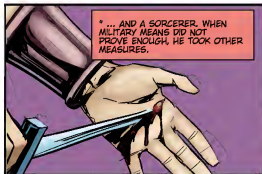
"WE SHALL SEE."



"HOW ARROGANT I WAS. BUT WITH THE FORCES AT MY DISPOSAL, I HAD REASON TO BE. FOUR YEARS, THE WAR WITH ROME RAGED ON AND ON.



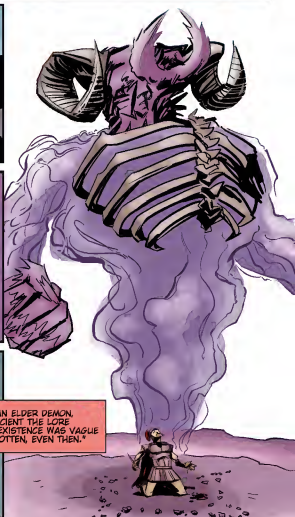
"SCIPIO KNEW WE COULD HOLD CARTHAGE AGAINST HIM INDEFINITELY. HE WAS AN INTELLIGENT MAN, A GIFTED MILITARY LEADER...



"... AND A SORCERER. WHEN MILITARY MEANS DID NOT PROVE ENOUGH, HE TOOK OTHER MEASURES.



"HE CALLED UPON AN ELDER DEMON, A CREATURE SO ANCIENT THE LORE SURROUNDING ITS EXISTENCE WAS VAGUE AND ALL BUT FORGOTTEN, EVEN THEN."





GREAT KY-LAAG,
YOU KNOW NOT WHAT
YOU DO! BREAK THE
HUMANS' HOLD OVER
YOU AND JOIN YOUR
BROTHER DEMONS.
YOU SERVE THE
WRONG MASTER--

I SERVE
NO MASTER,
GNAT. I WILL
COMMAND THE
HUMANS AND I
WILL RULE THIS
WORLD ...

... BUT I
WILL DO IT ALONE.
YOU AND ALL YOUR
"DEMON BROTHERS"
WILL BE SCOURGED FROM
THIS EARTH, AND THEN
KY-LAAG WILL RULE A
REALM OF TERROR
AND DARKNESS.



WELL DONE,
MY DEMON SERVANT.
I WILL CALL UPON YOU
AGAIN SHOULD I HAVE
NEED OF YOU. FOR THE
MOMENT, I RETURN
YOU TO WHENCE
YOU CAME.



I ... RETURN
YOU ... TO WHENCE
... YOU ...
CAME?

HAHAHAHAHAHA!

KNEEL BEFORE
YOUR MASTER,
SLAVES!



IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE WE WERE ABLE TO DEVELOP THE PROPER MAGIC TO TRAP THE BEAST, AND BURY HIM BENEATH THE AFRICAN SANDS. IN TIME, I WORRIED HE MIGHT BE DISCOVERED. IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, WE MOVED KY-LAAG TO A WILD, UNDISCOVERED CONTINENT, AND BURIED HIM ON ITS FARTHEST SHORE.

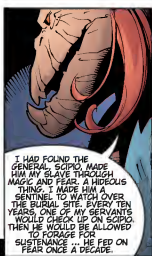


IN SUNNYDALE.

NEVER SAW A PLACE SO BLOODY CURSED.



I HAD FOUND THE GENERAL. SCPIO MADE HIM MY SLAVE THROUGH MAGIC AND FEAR. A HIDEOUS THING. I MADE HIM A SENTINEL TO WATCH OVER THE BURIAL SITE. EVERY TEN YEARS, ONE OF MY SERVANTS WOULD CHECK UP ON SCPIO. THEN HE WOULD BE ALLOWED TO FORAGE FOR SUSTENANCE ... HE FED ON FEAR ONCE A DECADE.



THEN YOU KILLED HIM, SLAYER. YOU UPSET THE BINDING SPELL, AND NOW KY-LAAG IS FREE ...

... AND THIS IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE ONCE-PROUD BLOOD OF CARTHAGE. I WAS TO BE AN EMPEROR, ONCE UPON A TIME.



MAD JACK. THAT THING WAS A ROMAN GENERAL?

GOTTA SAY, SOUNDS LIKE I GAVE SCPIO A GET-OUT-OF-JAIL -FREE CARD.



ANYWAY, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU DIDN'T JUST KILL KY-LAAG IN THE FIRST PLACE, OR SEND HIM BACK.

HE CANNOT BE SENT HOME, AND MAY NOT BE ABLE TO BE DESTROYED! YOU TEST MY PATIENCE, SLAYER. WHEN THIS IS OVER--!



HOUSTON! WE HAVE A DEMON.







I'M LUCY.
YOU'VE SEEN
ME BEFORE, YOU
WERE WITH
BUFFY.
REMEMBER?

THE DEAD
SLAYER CHICK.
I MEAN GHOST.
DID I SAY DEAD?
THAT'S KINDA
RUDE,
I GUESS.



THROUGH
NO FAULT OF
YOUR OWN, MY
FRIEND, YOU HAVE
BEEN USED AS THE
VESSEL TO FREE THE
DEMON KY-LAAG
FROM HIS
PRISON.

NOW WE
MUST TRY TO
CONTAIN HIM UNTIL
THE SLAYER
ARRIVES.



SON OF A--
I DON'T LIKE
BEING USED. WHAT
DO YOU SAY WE
PUT YOU SAY WE
PUT THE BIG
UGLY FREAK
BACK?

I HOPED
YOU'D SAY
THAT.



NOW,
WE NEED
WEAPONS.



HAHAHAHA... HUH?

THUNKKK!



OH, THIS IS
RICH. THIS IS
ALL THE MODERN
WORLD CAN MUSTER
FOR ITS DEFENSE?
IT TRULY IS A
GLORIOUS NEW
AGE.

Y'KNOW, I
THINK WE'VE
JUST BEEN
INSULTED.



IF YOU'RE CAPABLE OF IT, XANDER, YOU'D BEST STOP JABBERING LIKE AN IDIOT AND ACTUALLY EXPLAIN.



PRETTY SIMPLE, ACTUALLY. KY-LAAG'S LOOSE, DOWNTOWN. WE NEED LOTS OF WEAPONS ... AND POSSIBLY THE ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE, MARINES ... AND COAST GUARD.



WE HAVE TO RECREATE THE SPELL. IT DIDN'T WORK BEFORE BECAUSE HE WASN'T IN THE QUARRY, BUT WE CAN STILL TRAP HIM. OR WE COULD, IF WE HAD ALL THE INGREDIENTS.

WHICH WE DON'T.



LET US GO AND FACE OUR ENEMY. WE WILL FIND WHAT WE NEED TO DEFEAT HIM.



THERE'LL BE A PANIC--PEOPLE WILL ONLY BE PUTTING THEMSELVES IN MORE DANGER. AND THE MEDIA ... WE CANNOT HAVE BUFFY SLAYING ON THE EVENING NEWS.

THAT'S THE EASY PART. A LITTLE SLEEP SPELL, MAYBE A DASH OF FORGETFULNESS?

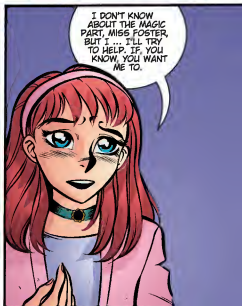
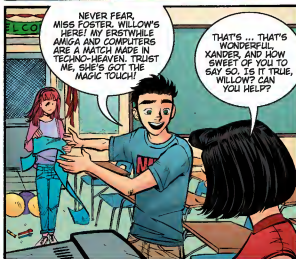
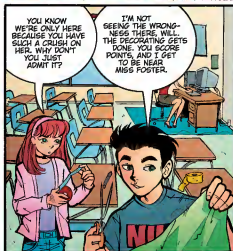
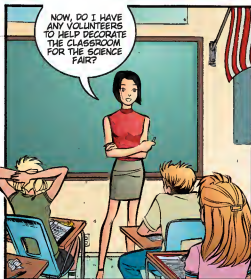


PEFFT. WILLOW CAN HANDLE THAT.

WE'RE ALL SET, RIGHT, WILL?



UH ... SURE. ALL SET.



JUST GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES, GILES. I'M SURE I CAN WHIP SOMETHING UP. CITYWIDE NAP TIME, AND NO MEMORY OF TODAY, RIGHT?

WELL, THAT WOULD COVER IT, YES. EVERYONE EXCEPT FOR US, OF COURSE. I'LL BE HAPPY TO ASSIST IN YOUR RESEARCH.

KAND, I'VE BEEN THINKING. NORMALLY I DO THAT, OKAY, A LITTLE TOO MUCH. IT'S JUST, I'VE BEEN FEELING VERY MUCH THE SIDECAR LATELY, AND--

--TAKING IT OUT ON ME. IT'S OKAY. YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND. I LOVE YOU. AND HELLO, BUT KINDA DESERVING IT OVER HERE.

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY. AT LEAST YOU'RE THE SIDECAR. I'M THE GUY PUMPING GAS.

YOU DIDN'T TELL ME YOU GOT A NEW JOB.

NOT AN INCH MORE TOWARD THAT DOOR OR I'LL DECORATE THIS ROOM WITH YOUR ENTRAILS. YOU OWE ME. STAY AND FIGHT WITH US, AND WE'RE EVEN.

SOUNDS REASONABLE. PARTICULARLY IN LIGHT OF THE WHOLE ENTRAILS BIT.

I SEE HOW YOU INSPIRE SUCH LOYALTY IN YOUR THINGS, VRAKA. DON'T GET TOO COMFY, THOUGH. I'M NOT ONE OF THEM. WHEN THIS IS OVER--

TWELVE HOURS AFTER KY-LAAG IS DESTROYED, WE WILL MEET IN BATTLE. ONLY ONE SHALL SURVIVE.

WORKS FOR ME. MAYBE THEN I WON'T CONSTANTLY FEEL THE NEED TO SHOWER.

LET'S GO TO WORK, BEFORE I JUST CAN'T STOMACH IT ANY MORE.



THIS DOESN'T
FEEL LIKE
FIGHTING.



DYING
DOESN'T FEEL
MUCH LIKE
FIGHTING
EITHER.



TRUST ME.
I KNOW.



I'LL TAKE
YOUR WORD
FOR--

GOD, NO!
STAY OUT!
YOU COME IN
HERE, YOU'LL
LEAD IT RIGHT
TO US!



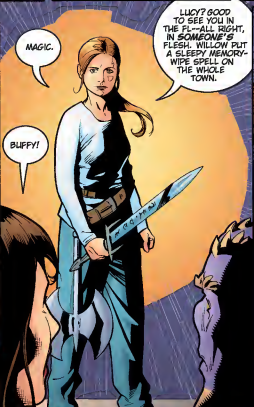
YOU BELIEVE
THAT? TALK
ABOUT
GRATITUDE.

LISTEN
TO ME. YOU
AREN'T SAFE
HERE. YOU'VE
GOT TO--
HUSH?



SEE,
NOW THIS'S
EVEN WORSE. I
CAN'T ABIDE
RUDENESS.

THAT ISN'T
RUDENESS,
TERGAZZI.
THAT'S--



MAGIC.

BUFFY!

LUCY? GOOD
TO SEE YOU IN
THE FL--ALL RIGHT,
IN SOMEONE'S
FLESH. WILLOW PUT
A SLEEPY MEMORY-
WIPE SPELL ON
THE WHOLE
TOWN.



TERRY, GLAD
YOU'RE ALIVE.
TAKE THESE PEOPLE
OUT THE BACK,
CLEAR OF THE
ACTION.

LUCY?
WANNA KILL
A DEMON?







NEVER
KNEW GHOSTS
WERE SO
JUDGMENTAL.



NOT
JUDGMENTAL.
JUST CONCERNED.
I SEE TOO MANY
LOST SOULS.



I'D HATE
FOR YOU TO
BE ONE OF
THEM.



LIVING IS
HARD. IT TAKES
SACRIFICE.



I'D HATE TO
SEE YOU BECOME
A GHOST EVEN
BEFORE YOUR
HEART'S STOPPED
BEATING.



LUCY ...
I ...

IF YOU
ARE NOTHING
MORE THAN THE
SLAYER, YOU ARE AS
MUCH A MONSTER
AS THESE
OTHERS.

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN--ALL
WORK AND NO PLAY
MAKES BUFFY A
BRUTAL LITTLE THING.
COURSE, FROM ME,
THAT'S A
COMPLIMENT.



DON'T EVER
CHANGE, BUFFY.
YOU'RE MUCH MORE
FUN ALL GRIM
AND NASTY.
ORRR.



THESE SOULS
YOU GUIDE, THEY
ALL GET WHERE
THEY'RE
GOING?

MOST
OF THEM.

IF I'M
EVER LOST,
I'LL KNOW
WHO TO LOOK
FOR.



YOU CANNOT DESTROY ME, FOOLS! YOU CANNOT BEGIN TO IMAGINE MY POWER. I WILL SCOUR THE EARTH OF THE DARK BEASTS, AND THE HUMANS WILL BE MY SLAVES.

BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. I HAVE AN ENGLISH PROFESSOR WHO SAYS THE SAME THING EVERY MONDAY.

MAYBE YOU'RE STILL WIPING THAT SLEEP CRUST OUT OF YOUR EYES, BUT LOOK AROUND, KY-LAAG. YOU HAD THE BAD LUCK TO WAKE UP IN SUNNYDALE.

THIS IS MY TOWN.



"OKAY, WILL. SLEEP SPELL CHECK. MEMORY THING, ASSUMING ALSO A CHECK. FIXINGS FOR SENDING THE MASSIVE, HIDEOUS DEMON WHO IS GETTING **BIGGER** BACK HOME?"



WORKING ON IT, XANDER. I'M WORKING ON IT.



I'M NOT TOUCHING THE DEMON DUNG AGAIN. I THINK IT'S YOUR TURN TO TOUCH THE DEMON DUNG.



IT ISN'T MY DEMON DUNG. IT ISN'T EVEN MY TOWN.



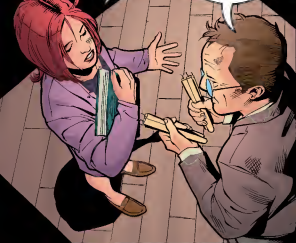
WILLOW? I BELIEVE EVERYTHING IS PREPARED, AND... THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO MOVE IT ALL. RIGHT NOW.



KEEYAAAHHH!

KRASSHHH!







HOW DO WE STOP THIS THING FROM GROWING?

WE KILL IT.

WHOA. NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE MILITARY STRATEGY FROM THE ANCIENT WORLD.



BUFFY! WE'RE READY TO PERFORM THE SPELL, BUT WE HAVEN'T THE FINAL INGREDIENT! WE NEED THOSE HEARTS OR WE'RE ALL DEAD!



COME, HIRAM. I HAVE A PLAN.



SLAYER, I PROMISED YOU WOULD HAVE THE INGREDIENTS YOU NEEDED ...

MASTER--
NOOOO!



HERE THEY ARE.

OH MY-- WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? ALL RIGHT, NOBODY LIKED HIRAM, BUT HE WORSHIPPED YOU!



IT'S AN ANCIENT MILITARY STRATEGY. IT'S CALLED WINNING.

NICE AND EFFICIENT.
NEED TWO DEMON
HEARTS FOR A
SPELL? RIP 'EM OUT
OF THE NEAREST
LACKEY WITH THE
RIGHT NUMBER
OF ORGANS.

COULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT
BETTER MYSELF.
WOULD'VE LIKED
TO, THOUGH.



YOU
DON'T HAVE
A LOT OF
FRIENDS, DO
YOU SPIKE?

"IN THE UNSPOKEN NAMES OF THE
ELDER GODS, THE WIND AND WATER, THE
KINGS OF ORDER, I CALL OUT TO YOU
BY NAME, KY-LAAG, DARK ONE. WITH THAT
NAME, I BIND YOU."



CHAINED BY THE WILL
OF PAN AND HECATE,
YOU ARE FORBIDDEN
ENTRANCE INTO THIS
PLANE. SEEN THROUGH
THE EYE OF PERSUA,
YOU ARE BARRED.



YOUR DEMON EYES
MAY NOT BEHOLD THE
SKY, YOU MAY NOT
BREATHE THE AIR OF
MAN'S WORLD, NOR
YOUR FOOT TREAD
UPON EARTHLY
SOIL.

BY BARABBAS, BY
SATANAS, BY
THE LORDS AND
SLAVES OF EVERY
HELL, I DENY
THEE, KY-LAAG,
LORD OF THE
ABATOIR ...

"... AS THOU ART BURNING, LET
THESE BLACK HEARTS BURN. THEIR
CRUEL BLOOD BINDS YOU, WEDDING
CHAOS TO ORDER."



FLESH
MERGES WITH
BLOOD, FIRE WITH
WATER, PURITY
AND OFFAL MESH,
AND YOU ARE
BARRIED.



"LET THE BARRIER BE
FORGED ANEW."

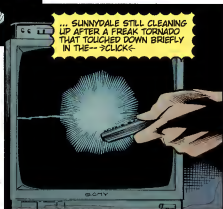
YOU THINK
IT'S OVER?!
YOU THINK 'CAUSE
I'M TIRED, IT
MEANS YOU'VE
WON?!

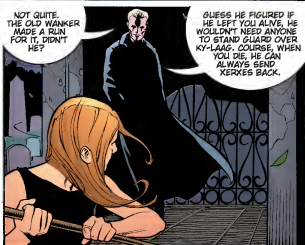


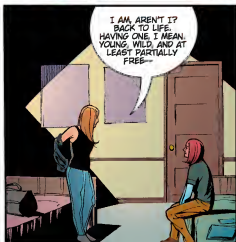
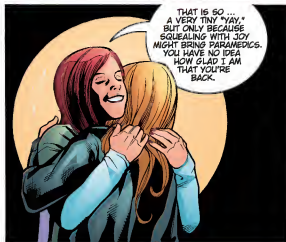
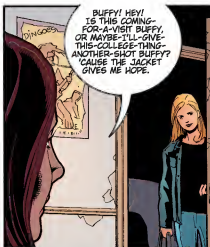
LET THE
BARRIER BE
FORGED
ANEW.











The Heart of a Slayer





AND WHAT IS
TEMPTATION, GOOD
SOULS, BUT A
MISAPPREHENSION--
A MOMENT OF DELUSION,
WHERE THE LIGHT OF THE
LORD IS SOMEHOW BLOCKED,
AND THE DEMON MOON OF
SATAN THROWS A CAUL
OVER OUR EYES,
BLINDING US...



...OPENING
US TO LUST,
GREED, AVARICE,
THE COVETING OF
WOMEN, GLUTTONY,
CARNAL
APPETITES...



...AND WE FORGET,
MY PRECIOUS FLOCK,
WE FORGET THAT THE LORD
ALWAYS SEES! HE IS THE
HAWK IN THE DAYLIGHT,
THE OWL AT MIDNIGHT...



...AND HIS
WRATH IS
ABSOLUTE, AND
IT COMETH UPON
US WHEN WE
LEAST--



SUNNYDALE, 1940.

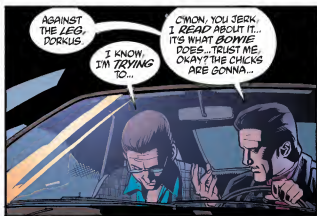
KRASH!

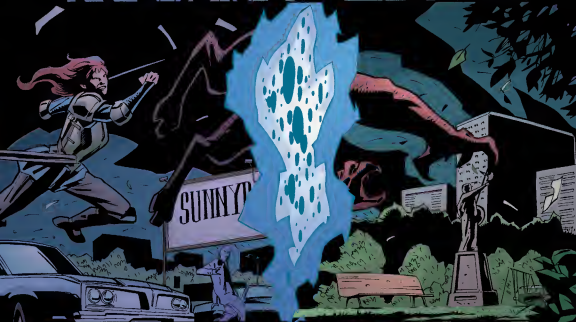


OH,
YEAH...









EEYAAAYY! EEEYAA::



WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

I SAID I WAS CLOBBAL LINNA BRAL MUSKETAN LIASHION EL!

WHAT???

I SAID I WAS WORKING ON A--



--TRANSMUTATION SPELL FOR REALLY STUPID SONGS!!!

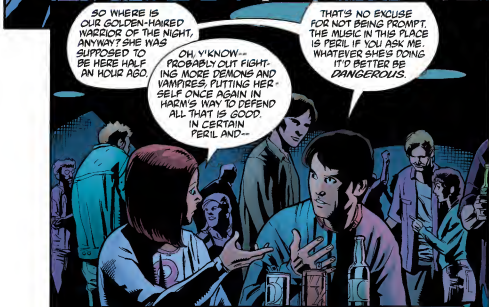


...OH, I'M EMBARRASSED. OH YES. EMBARRASSMENT IS ME. IT IS--AND EVERYONE IS LOOKING, YES, I KNOW THEY ARE.



I DIE, I WEEP, I--

OH, KNOCK IT OFF.



SO WHERE IS OUR GOLDEN-HAIRED WARRIOR OF THE NIGHT, ANYWAY? SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE HALF AN HOUR AGO.

OH, Y'KNOW-- PROBABLY OUT FIGHTING MORE DEMONS AND VAMPIRES, PUTTING HERSELF ONCE AGAIN IN HARM'S WAY TO DEFEND ALL THAT IS GOOD. IN CERTAIN PERIL AND--

THAT'S NO EXCUSE FOR NOT BEING PROMPT. THE MUSIC IN THIS PLACE IS PERIL IF YOU ASK ME. WHATEVER SHE'S DOING IT'D BETTER BE DANGEROUS.





EEEEAYAAAA!!
EEYAAAA!!

HI!



UH... SO, THERE WAS THIS, BR, REALLY BAD DEMON WHO WAS ALSO REALLY, UM, BAD, AND WELL, I MEAN, THERE WAS ...WHO, GUYS, THE PERIL WAS.. I MEAN, IF I WASN'T IN PERIL OF COURSE I'D HAVE...



DON'T WE LOVE IT WHEN SHE GROVELS?

I SHOULD SAY THAT WE DO.

OH YEAH, BRING ON THE GROVELING.



NON-ALCOHOLIC BEER, PEUT-ÊTRE?

IT'S WHAT I LIVE FOR.

WELL, IT'S ALL YOU'RE GONNA LIVE FOR HERE.

YEAH...

"...SURE GLAD
I GOT OUT FROM
UNDER THAT
PESKY DEMON."



"RILEY?
RILEY.
REPORT."





YEAH, WE SURE DID GET THOSE DEMONS, BOY. THEY WERE REALLY... GOTTEN.



I MEAN I GUESS I'VE NEVER YET SEEN ANY DEMON SO DARN...

I'M GETTING ANOTHER "BEER."



HEY, WAS THAT JUST LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT--OR SHOULD I WALK BY AGAIN...?



SO, MAYBE YOU WANNA COME CHECK OUT MY DAD'S HUMVEE? TAKE A RIDE, LET THE MAGIC...

OF COURSE IF YOU WERE A VAMPIRE I COULD RAM A WOODEN STAKE THROUGH YOUR HEART AND MAKE YOU DO THE NASTY DISINTEGRATION THING.



HEY...WHAT WAS THAT, BEAUTIFUL?

SOR-RY, LESBIAN NOW.



HEY...
COME
ON...



...MAYBE
YOU'VE GOT A
FRIEND?



RILEY'S PROBABLY
OFF DRILLING OR
DOING ONE-HANDED
PUSH-UPS OR SOME-
THING EQUALLY
SEXY THAT DOES
NOT INCLUDE
BUFFY SLIM--



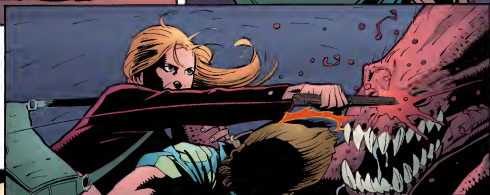
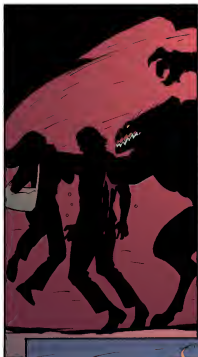
HEY, WHY SO
GLUM, BABE?
THE JIM
MACHINE
CAN HELP
YOU--



LOOK, STEROID
POSTER BOY, IF I
WAS INTERESTED IN
TALKING TO YOU, THE
WALKING AWAY FROM
YOU DISGUSTED
PART MIGHT NOT
HAVE BEEN SO OB--



URGH!



WHERE DID
BUFFY GO?

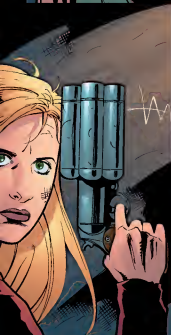
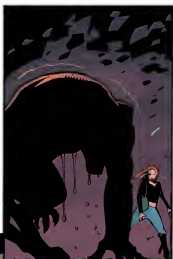
OH, PROBABLY
FLIRTING WITH
SOME IMPOSSIBLY
HUNKY GUY WHO
SOME OF US
WILL NEVER BE.

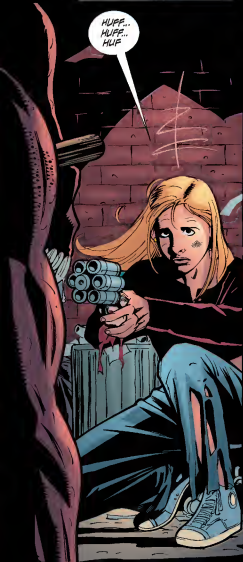
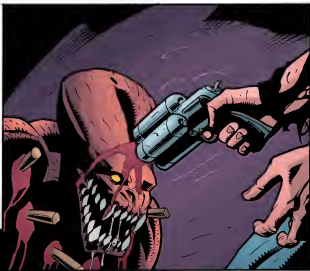








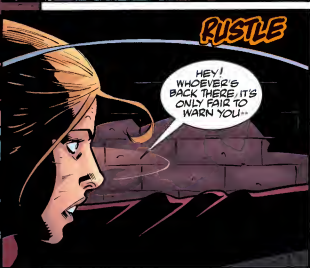




HUFF...
HUFF...
HUFF



...MAYBE
IF WE BOTH
JUST REST
HERE FOR A
SECOND,
WE'LL ...



RUSTLE

HEY!
WHOEVER'S
BACK THERE, IT'S
ONLY FAIR TO
WARN YOU...



I'VE HAD
A VERY BAD
NIGHT!



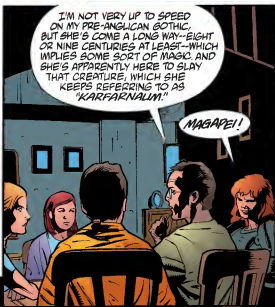
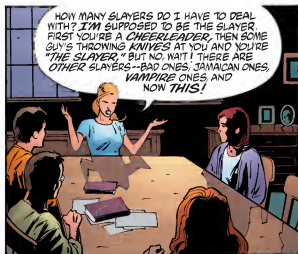
BAIRGAN!
BAIRGAN!

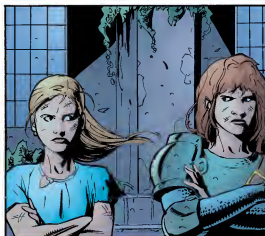




I MEAN HER.







OKAY, SO WE
HAVE TO WORK
TOGETHER.

WE HAVE
TO WORK
TOGETHER SO
I'M SORRY I
HIT YOU
WITH THE
COUCH.

OKAY? ALL
RIGHT?



GA-KUNDS.

GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR
ME.



BUFFY,
THE VAMPIRE
SLAYER.



ADJA.

OKAY,
THEN.

Y'KNOW, I
BET YOU
HAVEN'T
EATEN
FOR ABOUT
FOUR
CENTURIES

CHOMP!



HUNK-O'-CHEESE AND WINE? NO CRUSTY BREAD?

WELL, IT DID HAVE SORT OF A MEDIEVAL APPEAL. AND SHE SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING IT. COME AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS...

FROM WHAT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO ASCERTAIN, THIS CREATURE-- **KARFARNALIM**-- HAS COME FROM HER TIME, TO DO SOMETHING AWFUL... DESTROYING THE WORLD, OPENING THE GATES OF HELL, RAISING THE DEAD, SOMETHING ALONG THOSE LINES. WE ALL SAW THE GATE SHE CAME THROUGH. WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND ARE THESE WORDS...

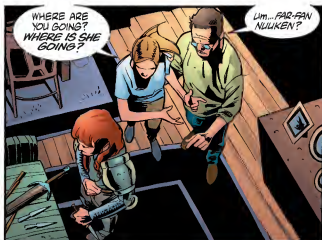
AK GASALJAN SU
SUNJA HAUNS AK
KARFARNALIM AT
SUNJA MAUR SAUBS
KARAKAN-AN.
WLAH JAN, FIA
DWALA NASJANDS

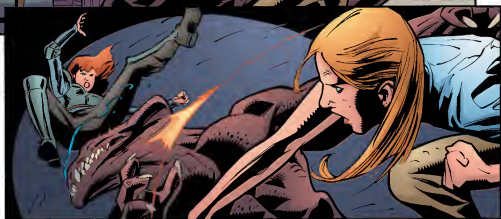
I KNOW THAT **SUNJA** MEANS TRUTH OR HEART, **MAUR** IN THIS CASE MEANS KILL, OR MURDER-OR SLAY. IN FACT, HAUNS AK KARFARNALIM AT **SUNJA MAUR SAUBS** KARAKAN-AN. "TO HUMBLE THE MONSTER --ONE MUST HAVE..."

SUNJA MAUR...

"SUNJA MAUR..."

"THE HEART OF A SLAYER."











YOU WANT
TO GO IN THERE AND
KILL THAT THING
ALONE!?



I HATE TO SAY
THIS, BUT I DON'T THINK
SHE *WANTS* TO GO IN
THERE ALONE.

I THINK
SHE FEELS
YOU'RE NOT
...ah... UP
TO IT.



YOU'RE KIDDING,
RIGHT? WE *ARE*
TALKING ABOUT
BUFF CLAUDE
VAN DAMME HERE,
Y'KNOW.

SAUBS
Y'K.



"IT IS FOR ME"... OR
"IT IS VERY HOT"... BUT
I'M PRETTY SURE IT'S
THE FIRST ONE. SHE
KEEPS REPEATING
THIS, YOU SEE,
ALONG WITH...

NOK
SUNJA
MAUI.

ah... "NO
HEART OF A
SLAYER."



I DON'T
HAVE THE
PATIENCE
FOR THIS.

BUFFY,
WAIT!





THE THING
IS, BUFFY--ADJA'S
A SLAYER AS
WELL, PERHAPS
EVEN MORE
EXPERIENCED--



HOLD
IT!



WHERE
DID SHE
GO...?



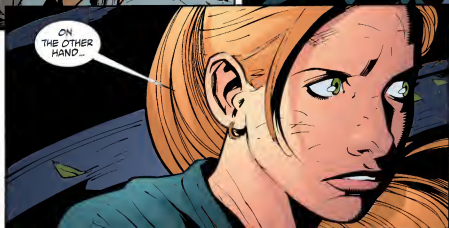
THAT
TEARS IT...YOU
GUYS DO WHAT
YOU WANT.



CLICK-CLACK

I'M
TAKING
A WALK
IN THE
PARK.







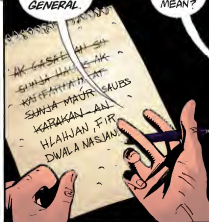
QUITE A BIG ONE OUT LOOKING FOR YOU TONIGHT, SLAY-BABY. SOME OF US TRIED TO EAT IT, BUT IT BIT BACK, DIDN'T IT? TOUGH--TOUGH ENOUGH FOR THE SLAY-BABY, WE THINK.



WE JUST COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING ELSE LAPPING YOU ALL UP, NOW COULD WE?

DAMN!
IT'S ALL SO
GENERAL.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



OH, SAVING THE EARTH,
KILLING THE CREATURE,
SACRIFICE, HAVING THE
HEART OF THE SLAYER,
ALL OF THE USUAL
MYTHIC SOPHISTRY, BUT
THOSE **LAST THREE
WORDS**--I'M QUITE
SURE **THEY** ARE
THE KEY.

IF ONLY
I COULD
TRANSLATE
THEM...



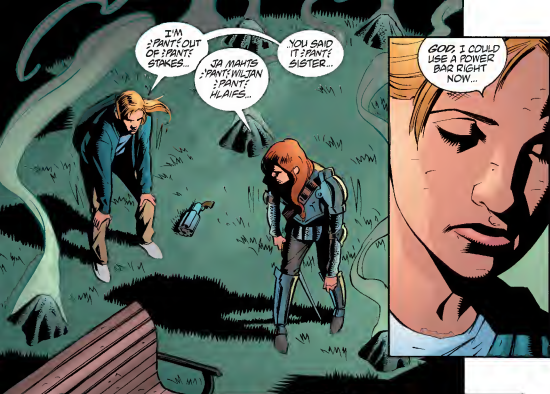
WHAT I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY WE NEED TO BE *HERE*. WE SHOULD BE IN THE PARK, HELPING BUFFY!

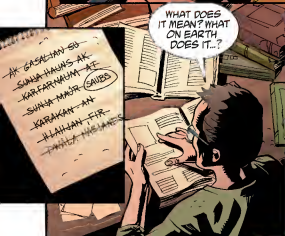
THE ONLY THING YOU OR ANY OF US WOULD DO IN THAT PARK IS GET IN BUFFY AND ADAM'S WAY AND THEN PROMPTLY DIE. WE NEED TO *STAY HERE* AND TRY AND FIGURE ...WILLOW, WHERE'S THAT BOOK OF GOTHIC SCRIPTURE I ASKED YOU F--?!



I WISH YOU WOULDN'T DO THAT.









WHERE IN THE PARK ARE THEY?!

HOLD ON...

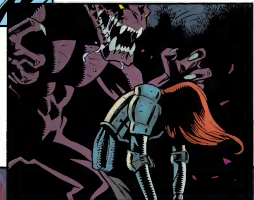
WILLOW!

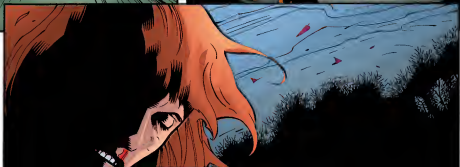
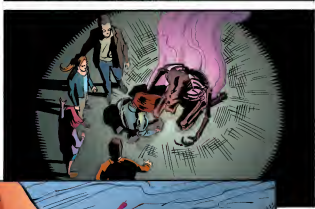
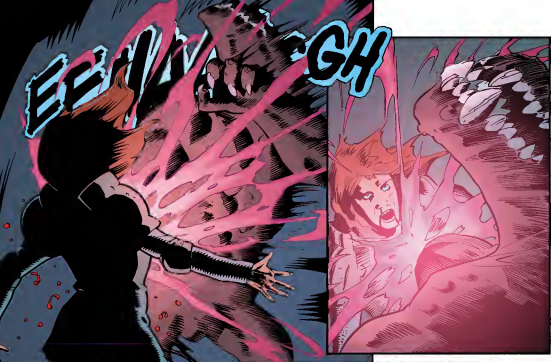
JUST A MOMENT...

WILLOW, WE'VE GOT TO...!!











...SHE CAME
HERE TO DIE,
YOU KNOW.



THOSE LAST
WORDS. ONE MEANT
"SACRIFICE"--AS
IN HUMAN. THE OTHER
...WHAT SHE CALLED
HERSELF--**ADJA**--
MEANS "ONE WHO IS
ALREADY DEAD."

THAT THING WAS
CREATED TO KILL **YOU**,
BUFFY, AND THEN DISAPPEAR
WITHOUT A TRACE--THE PER-
FECT ASSASSIN. BUT SOME-
BODY SENT HER TO STOP IT
...WITH HER OWN HEART.



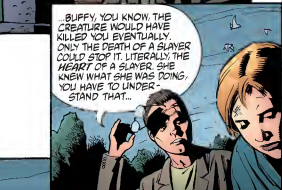
YEAH? WHAT
MAKES ME SO
IMPORTANT,
GILES? TELL
ME THAT.



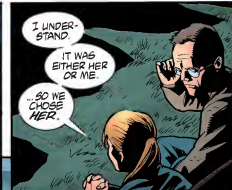
THE NAME
SHE KEPT
CALLING YOU...
"NASTANDS."

IT MEANS
"SAVIOR."

...ACTUALLY,
IT MEANS
"THE SAVIOR."



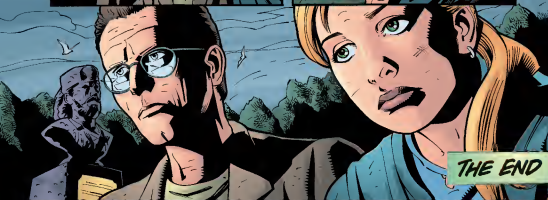
...BUFFY, YOU KNOW, THE
CREATURE WOULD HAVE
KILLED YOU EVENTUALLY.
ONLY THE DEATH OF A SLAYER
COULD STOP IT. LITERALLY, THE
HEART OF A SLAYER. SHE
KNEW WHAT SHE WAS DOING.
YOU HAVE TO UNDER-
STAND THAT...



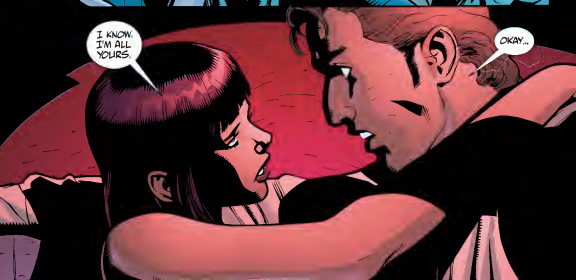
I UNDER-
STAND.

IT WAS
EITHER HER
OR ME.

...SO WE
CHOSE
HER.



THE END





...BUT
THIS IS
GOING TO
HURT.

EXCUSE
ME...



I SO HOPE
I'M INTERRUPTING
SOMETHING.



THE SLAYER,
WELL, IF IT ISN'T
MY LUCKY
NIGHT.



YEAH, A
BAD LUCKY
SORT OF
LUCKY
NIGHT.



TONY?
WHERE...?

DON'T WORRY.
HE'S GONE
TOMORROW. THIS
WILL JUST SEEM
LIKE A BAD DREAM.













WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING?

I MEAN I'M NOT GOING. AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TODAY, I WANT TO GET RIGHT ON THIS. YOU AND XANDER CAN FIGURE OUT THE A11 WITH GILES IF YOU WANT TO.



HE'LL JUST THINK I'M BEING PARANOID AGAIN, ANYWAY. BESIDES, I WAS SUPPOSED TO STUDY WITH RILEY. NOW THAT'S TOTALLY BLOWN.

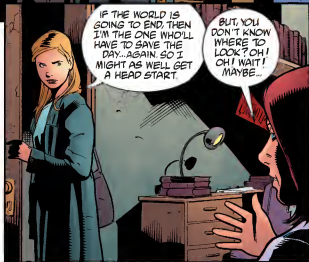
STUDYING ...WITH RILEY. :SIGH?



BUT THERE'S NO WAY I'D BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE ON PSYCH THEORY NOW. SO I'M OFF TO PATROL.



BUT WHAT IF THE WORLD REALLY IS IN TROUBLE?

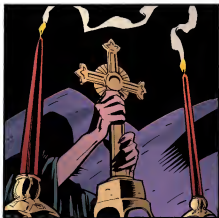


IF THE WORLD IS GOING TO END, THEN I'M THE ONE WHO'LL HAVE TO SAVE THE DAY...AGAIN. SO I MIGHT AS WELL GET A HEAD START.

BUT, YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK? OH! OH! WAIT! MAYBE...



IF YOU WERE GOING TO SAY "THE CEMETERY," YOU'D BE RIGHT.

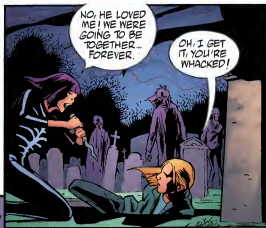
























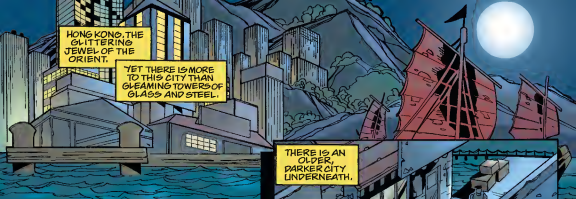












HONG KONG, THE
GLITTERING
JEWEL OF THE
ORIENT.

YET THERE IS MORE
TO THIS CITY THAN
GLEAMING TOWERS OF
GLASS AND STEEL.



THERE IS AN
OLDER,
DARKER CITY
UNDERNEATH.



UNLIKE THE OTHER GREAT
CENTERS OF COMMERCE
IN ASIA, HONG KONG IS A
WILD PLACE, WHERE ALMOST
ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

AAAAOOO-OOOO!



IN THE BRIGHT,
RICHLY
APPOINTED
BOARD ROOMS
OF HONG KONG,
ANY QUESTION
MIGHT
BE ANSWERED.

BUT IT IS IN
THE OLD
SHADDOY
CORNERS OF
THE CITY
WHERE
SECRETS ARE
REVEALED.

GRRRRRRR



GRRRRRRRRRR





UNGGHH!
< HE IS TOO
STRONG! >

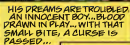
< PERHAPS
YOUNG JINAN, YOU
SHOULD BE MORE
CONCERNED ABOUT
YOUR FATHER'S
BLOOD THAN THE
MONSTER'S. >

< WE'LL
HELP YOU,
FATHER. BUT
DON'T HURT
HIM! >

GGRRAAOOWRR

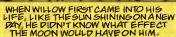




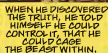


HIS DREAMS ARE TROUBLED
AN INNOCENT BOY... BLOOD
DRAWN IN PLAY... WITH THAT
SMALL BITE, A CURSE IS
PASSED...

HOW COULD
HE HAVE KNOWN
THE BOY WAS A
WEREWOLF?



WHEN WILLOW FIRST CAME INTO HIS
LIFE, LIKE THE SUN SHINING ON A NEW
DAY, HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT EFFECT
THE MOON WOULD HAVE ON HIM.

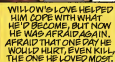


WHEN HE DISCOVERED
THE TRUTH, HE TOLD
HIMSELF HE COULD
CONTROL IT, THAT HE
COULD CAGE
THE BEAST WITHIN.



UNTIL HE MET VERUCA.
SHE BELIEVED THEIR
HUMAN FACES WERE
ONLY MASKS BENEATH
WHICH THE BEAST
ALWAYS LURKED.

THEIR KIND MIGHT
HAVE TWO FACES,
MAN AND WOLF, BUT
ONLY ONE NATURE...
THE NATURE OF THE
BEAST.



WILLOW'S LOVE HELPED
HIM COPE WITH WHAT
HE'D BECOME, BUT NOW
HE WAS AFRAID AGAIN.
AFRAID THAT ONE DAY HE
WOULD HURT, EVEN KILL,
THE ONE HE LOVED MOST.

HE HAD TO FIND
A WAY TO REIN
IN THE BEAST,
CONTROL THE
WOLF.



HE REMEMBERS THE
NIGHT HE LEFT
SLIMDYALE, LEFT
WILLOW BEHIND.
HIS DREAM TAKES
HIM BACK TO THE
BEGINNING
OF THIS JOURNEY.



IT IS NOT A
PLEASANT
DREAM.

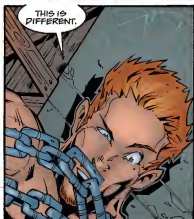


THE MORNING AFTER
THE FULL MOON HAS
WANED.

IT IS OVER FOR
ANOTHER MONTH.



BUT THE MOON WILL ALWAYS
COME AGAIN. SO HE MUST
PRESS ON, FIND THE ANSWERS
HE HAS ALREADY SEARCHED
HALF THE WORLD FOR.



THIS IS
DIFFERENT.



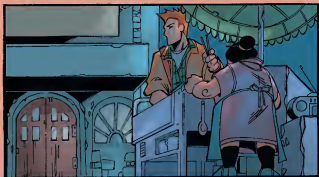
I AM
SORRY FOR
THE CHAINS.
YOU GAVE US
A BIT OF
TROUBLE LAST
NIGHT.

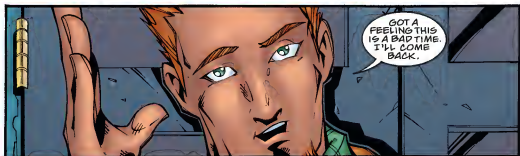


DON'T
APOLOGIZE,
QING. I'M
GRATEFUL.

I OWE RUPERT
GIVES MY LIFE. YOU
ARE HIS FRIEND AND
AN HONORED GUEST
IN MY HOME.











AMERICAN
DOG! WHO DO
YOU TH--

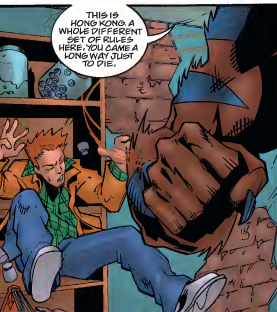
NOT A
DOG.



WE LET
YOU LIVE. YOU
COULD'VE
JUST WALKED
AWAY.



THAT'S NOT
HOW WE DO
THINGS BACK
HOME.



THIS IS
HONG KONG. A
WHOLE DIFFERENT
SET OF RULES
HERE. YOU CAME A
LONG WAY JUST
TO DIE.



ACTUALLY? I
STILL GOT A
WAYS TO
WANDER, YOU,
THOUGH?







KEEP HANDS
AND FEET INSIDE
CIRCLE. IN EVENT
OF EMERGENCY,
SCREAM REALLY,
REALLY LOUD.



IS THIS
GONNA TAKE
LONG, 'CAUSE
I KIND OF
HAVE TO--



--pfftt--



--PEE.



LHASA,
TIBET,
LAST
STOP.



ALL
PASSENGERS
ON THEIR OWN FROM
HERE.



THAT'S...THAT'S
INCREDIBLE.
WUXI, YOU HAVE
TO TEACH ME
HOW TO DO
THAT.



THANK YOU FOR
USING WUXI TRAVEL.
TRY NOT TO GET
KILLED TINAM.
YOUR FATHER NEVER
FORGIVE ME.



I CAN
TAKE
CARE OF
MYSELF.







THE NOMADS... THEIR HERD... THEY'RE ALL GONE EXCEPT THESE FEW DEAD ONES. WHAT COULD DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT... ALL THE WAY OUT HERE?





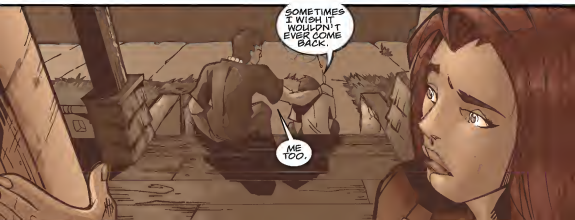
YOU KNOW
WE'VE BEEN
TOGETHER FOR
YEARS AND I
STILL DON'T
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT YOU. YOU
DON'T TALK
MUCH, OZ.
ABOUT YOURSELF,
ABOUT HOME. NOT
ANYTHING.

IT'S
BETTER
NOT TO.



OZ, HOW
LONG 'TIL THE
MOON COMES
BACK?

WE'VE
GOT A FEW
WEEKS.



SOMETIMES
I WISH IT
WOULDN'T
EVER COME
BACK.

ME
TOO.



MAYBE YOU'D
FEEL BETTER IF
YOU TALKED. YOU
EVER THINK OF
THAT?

LIKE THOSE
PEOPLE YOU LOVE,
BACK HOME? YOU
GOT A GIRL BACK
THERE, RIGHT? YOU
HAD TO LEAVE SO
YOU WOULDN'T
HURT HER.



I DON'T NEED
TO BE PROTECTED
FROM YOU, OZ.
I DON'T WANT TO BE.
I'VE SEEN WHAT'S
IN YOU, AND I'M
NOT AFRAID.

I'VE GOT
ANOTHER FACE,
TOO. I KNOW
WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO HAVE
A MONSTER
INSIDE.



NO, YOU
REALLY DON'T
WHAT'S IN YOU?
IT'S STILL YOU!
THE THING INSIDE
ME?

IT'LL
KILL YOU
IF YOU GIVE
IT A CHANCE,
JINAN.



AS FOR... OTHER THINGS.
YOU'RE RUNNING AWAY
FROM HOME, WHEN ALL I
WANT IS TO FINALLY BE
ABLE TO GO HOME.



"THIS MONK,
SHANTOU?"



"MAYBE HE
CAN HELP."



"WHAT
IF HE
CAN'T?"



"I'LL KEEP
MOVING
UNTIL I
FIND
SOMEONE
WHO CAN."







"THEY CAME AN HOUR
AFTER DARK, A GROTESQUE
MENAGERIE OF BEASTS,
SORCERERS, AND DEMONS
IN SERVICE TO MUZTAG.

"FOR GENERATIONS, THE
LEGEND OF THE DEMON
LORD MUZTAG WAS A
WARNING FOR WAYWARD
TRAVELERS, BUT OUR
PRESENCE HERE KEPT
HIM FROM STRAYING
TOO FAR FROM HIS
STRONGHOLD.

"THE NOMADS WHISPERED
RUMORS THAT HE HAD
BEGUN TO GATHER THE
FORCES OF DARKNESS
AROUND HIM, INTO HIS
SERVICE.



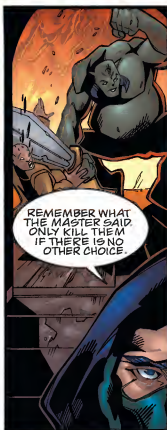
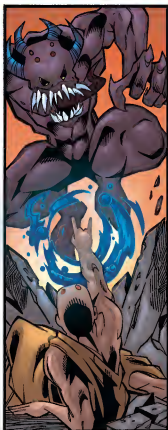
"I WAS A
FOOL NOT TO
LEND THOSE
RUMORS MORE
CREDENCE."



EH?



YAAHHHHH!





AND
NOW I AM
THE
ONLY ONE
LEFT.



MUZTAG'S BEAST
KILLED A FEW OF THE
MONKS HERE. THE REST
WERE ABDUCTED. FROM
THE WHISPERS, I HAVE
COME TO BELIEVE THE
DEMON INTENDS TO
FORCE THEM TO
SERVE HIM.



THAT...
THAT'S
TERRIBLE,
MASTER
SHANTOLI.



ANYTHING
WE CAN
DO TO
HELP?

IN YOUR
CURRENT
STATE,
NOTHING.



UNDERSTOOD.
GOOD LUCK.





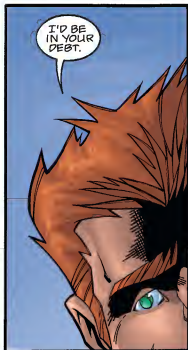
YOU HAVE COME TO ME TO FIND A WAY TO CONFRONT THE BEAST, I SENSE THE CONFLICT WITHIN YOU, WOLF.

DON'T CALL ME THAT.

LET YOUR JOURNEY LEAD YOU, MY FRIEND.



BUT, IF YOU WISH TO REMAIN, I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU CONTROL THE BEAST.



I'D BE IN YOUR DEBT.



EXCELLENT! YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, MASTER SHANTOU. I'LL BET WE'RE A LOT MORE USEFUL THAN YOU THINK. WE CAN START BY HELPING YOU REPAIR THE MONASTERY.

WOULD YOU HONOR ME BY ACCEPTING ME AS YOUR STUDENT?



ALL DEMONS SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST SOME UNDERSTANDING OF MAGIC, JINAN. ENTER AND BE WELCOME IN MY HOME. BOTH OF YOU.

LET US SPEAK FURTHER, AWAY FROM THE EYES OF THE MOUNTAIN.





<I AM BEGINNING TO QUESTION YOUR COMPETENCE, GENTLEMEN. THE SIMPLEST OF CREATURES, AND YET YOUR VAUNTED SORCERY CANNOT FORGE AN OBEDIENT SERVANT OF HIM WITHOUT ALL THIS SHRIEKING?>



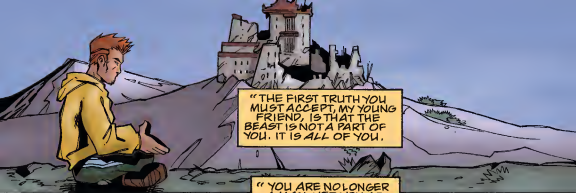
<JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, MY LORD MUTZAG, AND WE WILL HAVE HIM. HAVE PATIENCE.>

<HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE, AND I DON'T HAVE ANY OF THOSE.>

<NOW!!>



RISE!
ALL OF YOU!
RISE, NOW,
AND WALK WITH
US!

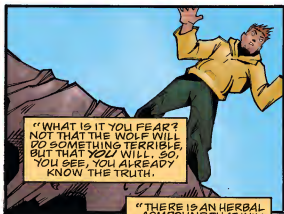


"THE FIRST TRUTH YOU MUST ACCEPT, MY YOUNG FRIEND, IS THAT THE BEAST IS NOT A PART OF YOU. IT IS ALL OF YOU."

"YOU ARE NO LONGER A MAN, YET YOU ARE MORE THAN A BEAST."



"YOU MUST CREATE WITHIN YOURSELF A PLACE OF PEACE. IN THAT PLACE, YOU MUST SEEK OUT THE WOLF."



"WHAT IS IT YOU FEAR? NOT THAT THE WOLF WILL DO SOMETHING TERRIBLE, BUT THAT YOU WILL. SO, YOU SEE, YOU ALREADY KNOW THE TRUTH."



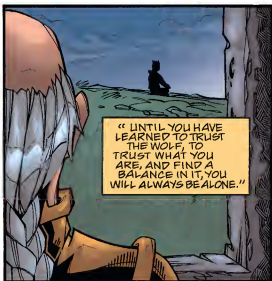
"THERE IS AN HERBAL COMPOUND THAT WILL WEAKEN THE HOLD THAT THE MOON HAS OVER THE WOLF. BUT IT WILL NOT CURE YOU. THERE IS NO CURE."



"YOU MUST FIND A BALANCE BETWEEN THE TWIN ASPECTS OF YOUR NATURE. YOU MUST STOP THINKING LIKE A MAN, AND ALLOW YOURSELF TO EVOLVE. TO BECOME WHAT YOU ARE."

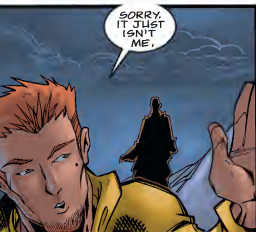


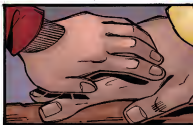
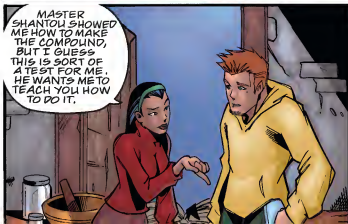
"IN THE END, MAGIC AND HERBS AND MEDITATION CAN ONLY SMOOTH YOUR WAY, BUT AS ALWAYS, THE JOURNEY IS YOURS ALONE."

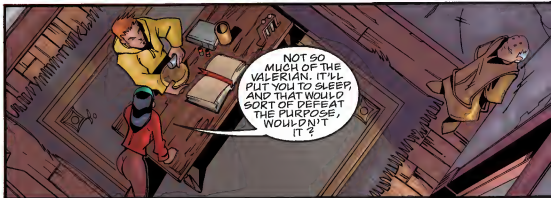


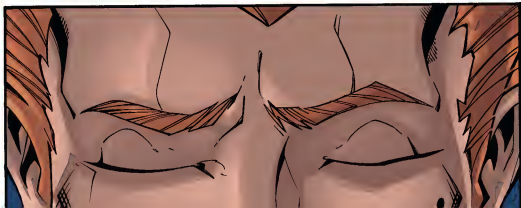
"UNTIL YOU HAVE LEARNED TO TRUST THE WOLF, TO TRUST WHAT YOU ARE, AND FIND A BALANCE IN IT, YOU WILL ALWAYS BE ALONE."









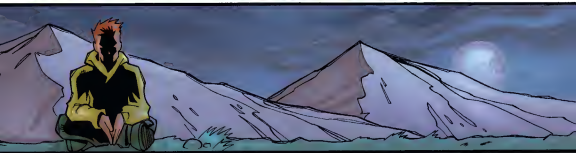
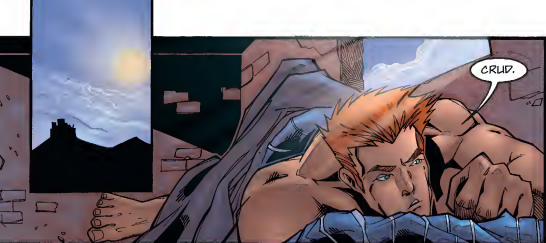


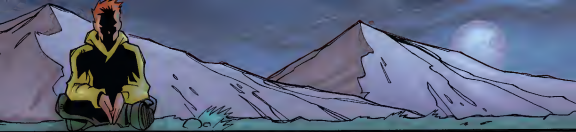


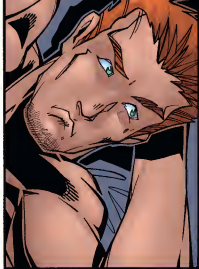












...IT MAY
NOT BE THE
MOON THAT
STOPS YOU FROM
GOING HOME
AGAIN.





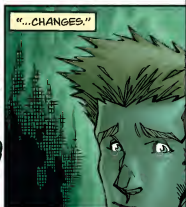
"WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO THINK? FIRST YOU BUY ME POPCORN, THEN YOU PUT THE TAG IN MY SHIRT, THEN YOU'RE ALL GLAD I DIDN'T GET BIT..."



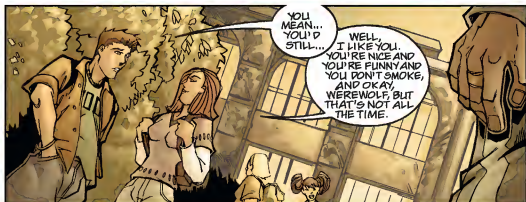
"... BUT I GUESS NONE OF THAT MEANS ANYTHING."



"I KNOW. IT'S ME. I'M GOING THROUGH SOME..."

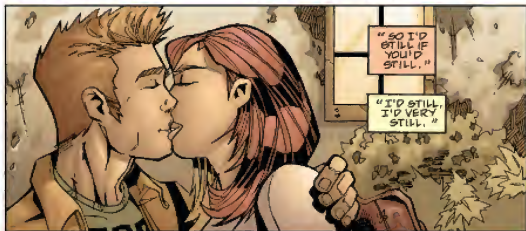
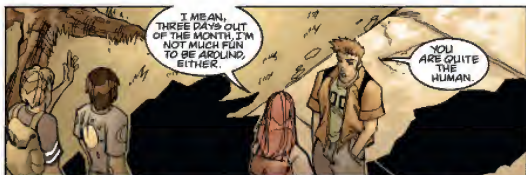


"...CHANGES."

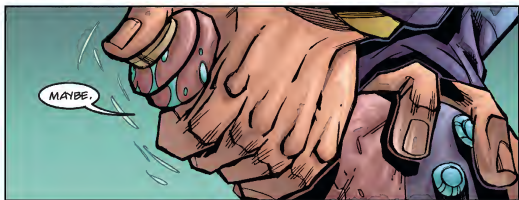


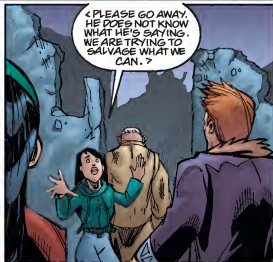
"YOU MEAN... YOU'D STILL..."

"WELL, I LIKE YOU. YOU'RE NICE AND YOU'RE FUNNY AND YOU DON'T SMOKE, AND OKAY, WEREWOLF, BUT THAT'S NOT ALL THE TIME."













< "NOW THEY HAVE
COME OUT OF THE
SHADOWS. MUZTAG
HAS GROWN BOLD
AND MORE SAVAGE
THAN EVER BEFORE." >



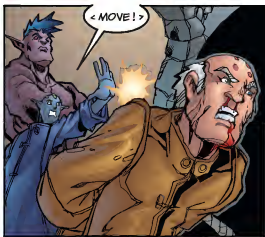
< "IT IS ALMOST
AS IF THERE
IS SOMETHING
THAT HELD HIM
BACK BEFORE,
PREVENTING
HIM FROM
FULLY
UNLEASHING
HIS EVIL UPON
US, AND NOW
THAT THING IS
GONE." >

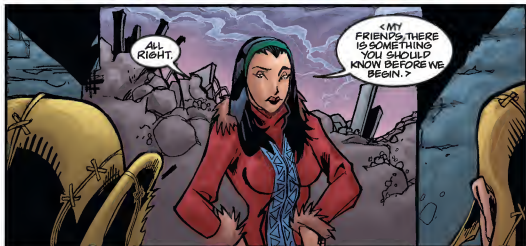


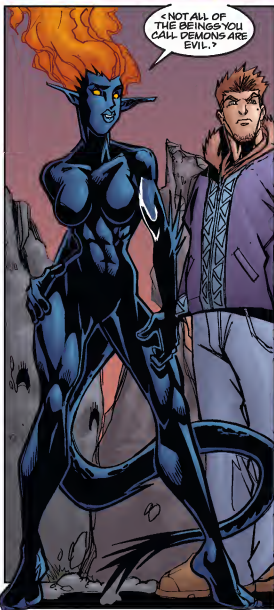
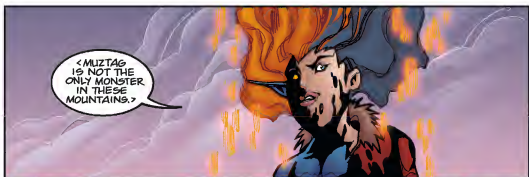
...REALLY
ARE A FULL-
SERVICE FACILITY
FROM RESEARCH AND
CONSULTING TO
CUSTOM SORCERY,
WEAPONSMITHS, AND
HELLHOUND BREEDING.
LORD MUZTAG CAN
PROVIDE...

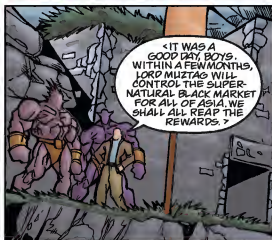


< DISCOUNT
TALISMANS AND
CHARMS ... RINES
TRANSLATED... >





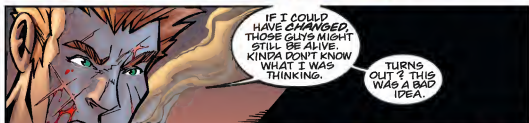






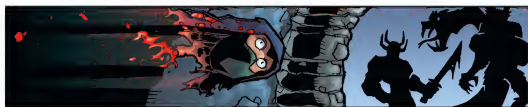








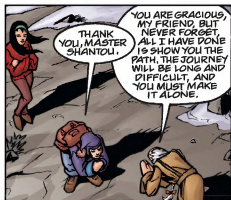












Buffy

the vampire slayer™

OMNIBUS

Volume Five picks up with the destruction of Sunnydale High in Season Three of the television series, and goes straight into the college years. *Buffy* TV writer Jane Espenson and longtime *Buffy* artist Cliff Richards join forces with "Haunted," in which Faith lies in a coma as the Mayor's ghost plagues Buffy's dreams. This collection includes the five-issue arc titled "The Blood of Carthage," by novelist Christopher Golden, and chronicles the start of Buffy's romance with Riley Finn and Anya's reintroduction into Xander's life. The book concludes with Oz's travels away from Sunnydale, where he learns about his origin and how to control the wolf inside him, all so he can return to the woman he loves.

Comprised of fun-filled adventure stories featuring favorite characters from the *Buffy* television series, the *Buffy Omnibus* books provide an excellent foundation to Joss Whedon's *Buffy* Season Eight comic-book series.

